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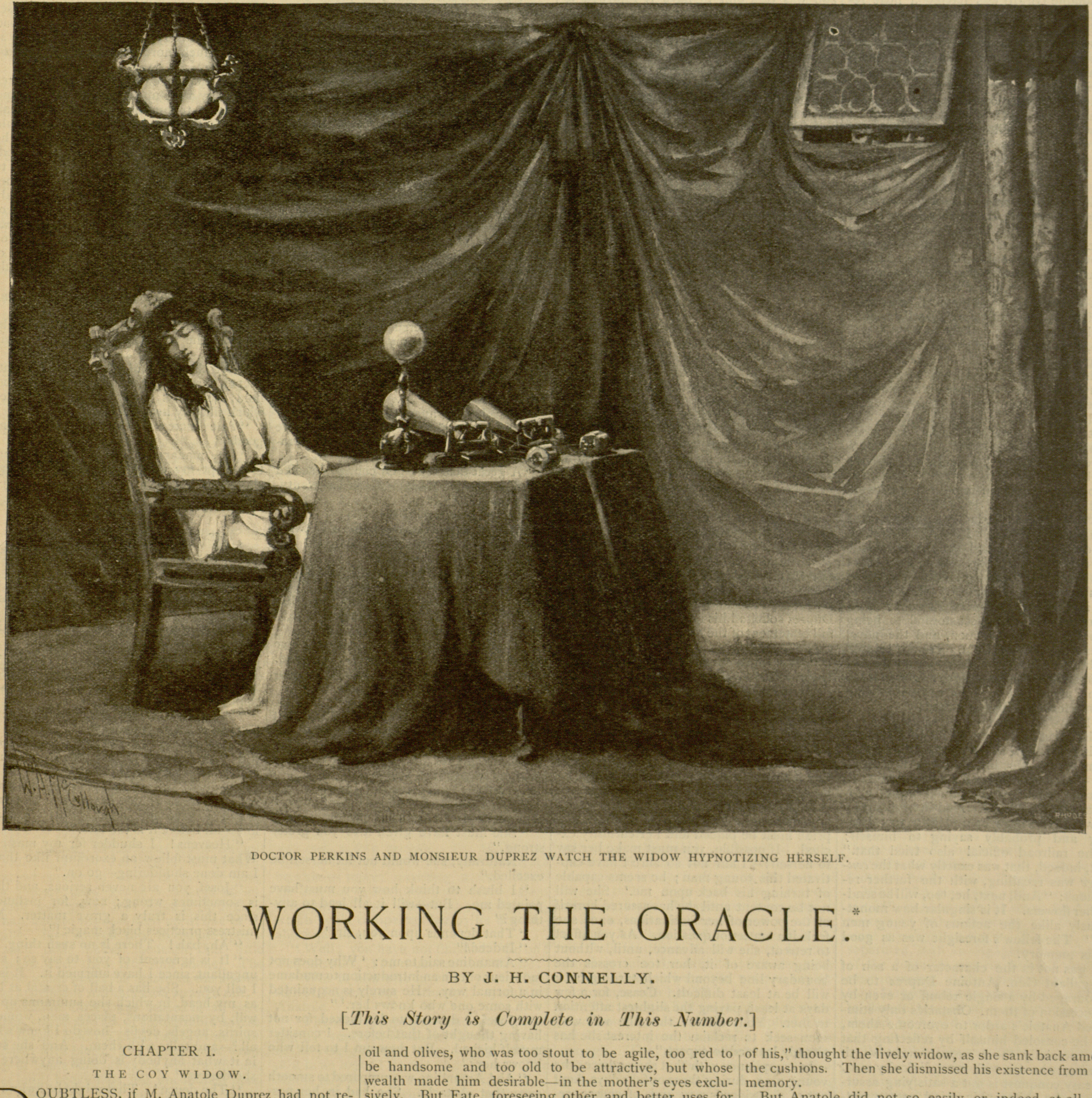

DOCTOR PERKINS AND MONSIEUR DUPREZ WATCH THE WIDOW HYPNOTIZING HERSELF.

WORKING THE ORACLE.[*]

BY J. H. CONNELLY.

[*This Story is Complete in This Number.*]

CHAPTER I.

THE COY WIDOW.

DOUBTLESS, if M. Anatole Duprez had not removed to those new apartments in the Rue Fontenelle, he might have continued indefinitely the careless and joyous existence that had been his ever since he became of age and entered into possession of his patrimony, seven years before.

When Fate first noticed Anatole, handsome, happy, lucky and thoughtless, she said to herself: "There is no merit in trapping this young fellow; his capture will be too easy: but, just to jostle him a little with the idea that something can happen to him, he must have a small tumble." So she set for him a very tempting little pitfall in the Rue Fontenelle.

The pitfall was matrimony, and its excellent bait was the fascinating young widow, Mme. Natalie Girard, who had, however, no consciousness of or desire for being a bait. In fact, she had, thanks to experience and discretion, decided prejudices against matrimony. Madame Cantillac, her mother, had successfully dragooned her into marrying Monsieur Girard, a worthy exporter of sardines, oil and olives, who was too stout to be agile, too red to be handsome and too old to be attractive, but whose wealth made him desirable—in the mother's eyes exclusively. But Fate, foreseeing other and better uses for pretty Madame Girard, took care that the overripe exporter should step into an apoplexy pitfall within a year after his marriage; and Madame Cantillac had by this time gone where she could no longer dragoon anybody, except, perhaps, through table-tipping and *planchette*, which must seem exasperatingly insufficient means to any strong-minded ghost. So the widow Girard was the happily independent possessor of a very handsome fortune, sufficient to last her well all her life if she did not throw it away upon some scapegrace of a second husband, a thing she was quite resolved would not happen.

Truly, Anatole was right in considering her the most delicious of all captivating widows, as he did the moment his eyes rested upon her. They met at the foot of the stairs when he was coming in and she was going out to a carriage waiting for her at the curb. He stood aside, with his hat raised, as she passed, and still continued standing in the same attitude, without being aware of it, until the sound of her carriage-wheels could no longer be heard.

"He stares at me as if he thought I was lost property of his," thought the lively widow, as she sank back among the cushions. Then she dismissed his existence from her memory.

But Anatole did not so easily, or, indeed, at all, disembarrass his mind of that seductive vision of loveliness. Naturally, he addressed himself to the *concierge*, whose duty it is to know all about everybody in the house and who can be relied upon to tell a little, all or much more than he knows, according as he is paid.

"The lady," said the *concierge*, this time confining himself to the truth, "is Madame Natalie Girard, who, with her maid Amandine—who has black eyes and is very saucy—occupies the apartments beneath those of monsieur. I need not observe that she is pretty, since the fact has probably not escaped monsieur's notice. There is good reason to believe she is rich, and, although a widow, her conduct is unexceptionable. Very respectable people call upon her, in their own carriages, and, though she has lived here nearly two years, with her maid, as I have told you, I have never seen any one shake the head and smile when her name was mentioned. Your predecessor in your apartments, who was a prominent official in a railway company, made the most herculean efforts to cultivate an acquaintance with her and was so much disgusted with his entire lack of success that he

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moved away. No; I am sure she does not receive any gentleman who pays court to her. Amandine, who is a very roguish girl, avers that her mistress thinks of entering a convent; but I believe, if she does, it will only be on a visit. She is still too young and pretty to contemplate wasting herself.”

That evening, contrary to his habit, Anatole remained at home. He felt a disinclination for going out, notwithstanding he knew very agreeable friends would be surprised by his non-appearance in his usual haunts. It seemed to him pleasanter to stay, at least, under the same roof with the widow and cogitate upon schemes likely to be more successful than those of the discomfited railway official. And, as the evening wore on, he became conscious of proceedings in the apartments beneath him, which claimed his interest.

Madame Girard was having a little reception. His attention was first called to it by the rattle of wheels and stamping of horses' hoofs in the ordinarily quiet street. Then, as he looked to discover the cause of that noise, he saw a bright illumination glowing out on the night from her open windows. Sitting on his own window-sill, he could hear much of what was going on below him and follow pretty correctly the progress of events. The courteous greetings of guests, murmurs of compliment and buzz of general conversation floated up to him. He knew a game of *écarté* was going on in a cool corner close by a window. There was music, different persons playing, not all badly, upon the piano, and some one—he was sure it must be the widow—singing deliciously an aria from “Carmen.” That pure, sweet voice not only charmed his senses but seemed to delight his very soul. Afterward, there were rattlings of cups and saucers and tinklings of glasses; finally, a little dancing, and then, at a sedately early and proper hour, the guests went away.

The next morning, he knew he was right in supposing Madame Girard the charming singer of that aria. She was up early and caroling like a bird when he awoke.

At the same hour the widow had gone riding the afternoon before, a carriage appeared at the door. Anatole, whose hope had been prescient, was ready to grasp the opportunity which he imagined presented itself and nimbly ran down the stairs to the front door before Madame Girard emerged from her apartments. There he listened for her descent and timed his return so well that again he met her, exactly at the foot of the stairs, as if by accident. He raised his hat, bowing elaborately. She looked at him in cold surprise and went on her way.

Anatole was not accustomed to being snubbed by pretty women, and the novel experience confused him. He felt himself blushing—actually blushing, under the sarcastic smile of the *concierge*, who was looking on, and with a weak pretense of carrying the matter off easily remarked:

“I have forgotten my cigar-case.”

The excuse compelled him to re-ascend to his room. In a few moments he came down again, affecting to settle the cigar-case—where it had been all the while—in a breast-pocket, and walked away, nonchalantly as he could. And in his heart he knew the *concierge* behind him was grinning and probably saying to himself: “The railroad official also tried that.” And, indeed, that was exactly what the *concierge* was recalling, with the further reflections: “And, next, he, too, will be sending her flowers. It is singular how monotonously alike the actions of young men are.” The fellow's foresight was as good as his memory.

It was not in the character of a son of the gallant Gen. Antoine Duprez to be discouraged by a single rebuff or even by a succession of them. Obstacles only stimulated Anatole's ardor to overcome them, and he consoled himself by reflecting that it is precisely those women most worth winning who are with most difficulty won. An easy conquest is not a satisfying assurance to the philosophic mind contemplating matrimony, and that extreme step, really matrimony, with the pretty widow Girard as its object, was what the young man already seriously had in view. But it was not easy for him to determine upon the next step of his siege. Another false one was to be dreaded. And he felt himself lamentably deficient of experience in the courting of shy widows. If it had been a question of approaching Mademoiselle Coralie or the little Nanon, he would have commenced by sending a bouquet, to be followed by bonbons, with some pretty jewel or trinket in the box, sufficient to stir an appetite for more. But, just because that would be the correct course in those cases, it did not seem suitable to the present emergency.

Eventually he decided, not without considerable dubitation however, that, so far as the flowers went, that line of attack would do; and the manner of their reception would have to determine whether further advances should be in accordance with such precedents as he possessed or by some other and at present indiscoverable method. So he procured a handsome bouquet, and, when in possession of it, found himself in a new quandary: Whether he might, or might not, venture to attach his card to it. Reverting to precedent, he reflected that Coralie or Nanon would have expected to see a card; therefore there should be none in sending to the widow. Beyond the primary step of the flowers themselves—flowers being supposably pleasing to all women—it would perhaps be prudent to just follow the rule of reversing all the precedents, in making advances to Madame Girard.

The *concierge* delivered the beautiful bouquet at Madame Girard's door, while she was out, only to have it returned to him by Amandine immediately upon her mistress's return home, with the message that “Madame does not receive flowers from unknown persons.”

“Come to think about it,” said Anatole, to himself, “it was a stupidity to send a bouquet in that fashion. How could she know it did not come from the obnoxious railway official?”

So, the next day, he sent to her a magnificent bunch of fragrant and beautiful exotics, accompanied by his card, but the response was even worse, being more personal than that elicited by the first offering. Amandine carried them back to the *concierge*, with the message: “Madame does not receive flowers from gentlemen with whom she is unacquainted.”

CHAPTER II.

THE WAY OF THE SAGE.

“I believe,” said Anatole to himself, “that in so extraordinary a case as this I might do well to consult Monsieur Rochecourt.”

It was an excellent idea. Monsieur Rochecourt enjoyed and deserved the reputation of having, during his fifty years of bachelorhood, entertained an infinite number of theories about women and of putting them all to practical test—with the natural exception of such as would have involved matrimony. A prudent man must set some limit to his enthusiasm for experiment. But, as years wore on, and his hair wore off, the old gentleman gradually relinquished this fascinating branch of study. Now, he was rarely to be seen anywhere else than at the club, where he was content to be the mentor of the rising generation of experimentalists. When M. Anatole Duprez solicited his advice, having made a full statement of the case, the man of much experience said:

“You have demonstrated too much ardor. She has been perfectly aware of you from your first meeting and doubtless knows a great deal more about you already than you possibly can, or, perhaps, ever will, know about her. But your advances, by their boldness and persistence, awake in her a reaction of antagonism. She is one who values herself too highly to be taken by storm. And she does not value a conquest that is made too easily any more than you yourself would. Her pride must be piqued and her curiosity excited. If possible, you must make her say to herself: ‘I am not so sure I have captivated this young man; he seems capable of turning his back upon me.’ She will not be content until she has assured herself of the power of her fascinations, once she feels it a matter of question. As you affect to retreat, she will advance, until, without being aware of it, her toe crosses the boundary line beyond which turning back will be at least difficult. Cease, for a few days at least, paying the slightest attention to her. You will see that she will very soon seek to reclaim the interest she has already learned to expect.”

In compliance with that sage advice, the young man, during three or four days, kept out of the widow's way and, of course, refrained from floral tributes. Then, one morning, his valet Josef said to him with a sly smile:

“Mademoiselle Amandine, the maid of our neighbor below, has been questioning me concerning monsieur.”

“Ah, I am flattered! Mademoiselle Amandine is sufficiently pretty to merit a reciprocation of interest.”

“Does monsieur wish to torture me with jealousy?” exclaimed Josef, in mock-heroic style.

“No, you rogue!” laughed his master. “But what else am I to suppose?”

“That mademoiselle is a charming variety of that new American instrument into which one talks that it may repeat what has been said.”

“And her interest in me is purely vicarious?”

“I am interested in believing so, sir.”

“Oho! The maid pleases your fancy, Josef?”

“As much as the mistress does that of monsieur?”

“I hope you find her complaisant.”

“Maids are apt to be imitative. Until to-day, Mademoiselle Amandine was very coy.”

“From which you infer—”

“That the wind sits from another quarter in the sails of madame, also.”

“Aha! Already? Well, what did she wish to know about me?”

“All things. From the time monsieur was in long clothes, I believe. I told her you were the only son of the brave General Duprez, from whom you had inherited a couple of millions—”

“The deuce! You were piling it on rather heavy, my friend.”

“I have always found that judicious in dealing with the sex, monsieur. They are inclined to be skeptical, and it is necessary to discount in advance the reductions they are sure to make upon what we tell them. I also told her that by judicious investments in solid commercial enterprises you had largely increased your fortune and were daily becoming more wealthy.”

“But, rascal, if I hold my own, I consider I'm doing very well.”

“So do I, sir; but madame's wealth has been acquired in trade, with which she must be more or less familiar, and, consequently, accumulation has a certain fascination for her, no doubt. Then, again, a young man's attention to serious business encourages the assumption that he is ‘steady’—a quality for which widows have a favorable prejudice.”

“When you leave off service, Josef, will you be a diplomat or a philosopher?”

“Neither, monsieur. I shall keep a cabaret if I can persuade Mademoiselle Amandine to become my cashier.”

“And what did you tell her of my habits?”

“All that monsieur would desire to have believed true.”

“A diplomatic answer. Let it go at that. And did not Mademoiselle Amandine have anything to say in exchange for your veracious confidences?”

“A great deal, sir. Of course, I scaled her statements. Madame Girard is twenty-four years old.”

“Scaled or unscaled?”

“Duly scaled, sir. Amandine said twenty-one, and I add three.”

“What is your rule?”

“Under twenty-two, avowed, add three; from twenty-two to twenty-five, add five; from twenty-five to thirty, add ten. Beyond that, computations are useless.”

“You are about right. Go on.”

“Madame has an income of seventy-five thousand francs per annum, unscaled. We will put that down at say fifty thousand. Madame has had a husband—”

“No scaling on that.”

“No, sir. Only the one. I think that is right. Finally, madame has the temper of an angel, the virtue of a vestal, the accomplishments of a paragon, and her personal charms are real.”

“All that, I am confident, is quite true.”

“Yet, considerably scaled down, I assure you, sir, from the maid's representations.”

“She must have given it to you pretty strong.”

“Naturally, she would not let herself be excelled.”

“I blush to think how you must have painted me. But—will it all lead to anything?”

“That depends upon you, sir.”

“Indeed!”

“Amandine said to me: ‘Why does not monsieur obtain an introduction to madame in a formal way. He surely is acquainted with some one who knows her.’”

“Josef, I deserve to be kicked for not having thought of that before. I consider myself kicked. But how am I to tell who knows her?”

“Ah! Amandine was prepared to smooth away that obstacle. She had in her possession the list of those invited to her mistress's next-Thursday-evening reception—‘quite accidentally,’ she said—and permitted me to copy it. Here it is.”

Anatole gave but one glance at it, when he uttered a cry of exultation and, slapping his thigh, exclaimed:

“Bah! Why, it is of all things the most easy! Here is the name of worthy Monsieur Nerode, the morocco-leather merchant, in whose business I have an interest and who has known me all my life. Of course, he will present me.”

His happy expectation was realized. Monsieur Nerode presented him, with all due formality, and Madame Girard's manner was as gracious as he could have desired. At the same time, she caused him to feel himself a person just met for the first time and who, for aught she knew to the contrary, was only on a transient visit to the city. Only once was that enforced vail of oblivion lightly twitched aside for an instant from the face of the agitated past.

She had, when going to the piano, laid her bouquet upon a stand. After singing delightfully a sweet little Provençal ballad, as she was about to retake her flowers, Anatole anticipated her and, offering them, said:

“Permit me.”

She took them, with just a single flash of merry recollection in her bright eyes, and he knew she thought of his two returned bouquets.

If he had thought her pretty in street-costume, how infinitely more ravishing was her beauty in evening-dress. The dazzling whiteness of her exquisitely molded bust and arms and the fully revealed grace of her slender neck and admirably poised head were all fascinations only now possible of realization, in their perfection. Her face, too, had gained in character. In the roseate light reflected upon it by her broad hat, it was lovely, bewitching; but now it showed much more—it had become *spirituelle.*

After that evening, Monsieur Duprez called very often upon Madame Girard and paid court to her ardently but with small success. She was very kind, but he could not melt that kindness into love. When he reproached her with coldness, she laughed.

“See, Monsieur Duprez,” she said to him, “from my childhood I remember having heard that straw fires blaze quickly and soon expire. So it is with hasty devotion and lightly sworn fidelity; they do not last. The love you profess for me is too young. It has not yet grown to an age of discretion. To hold it responsible would be cruel.”

“Can you not read my devotion in my eyes?”

“To use a shop-keeper's metaphor, the paint of the sign is still too fresh; it will rub off.”

“Let the sight of your soul penetrate deeper than the sign in the eyes, and behold the goods within—the love for you which fills my heart.”

“Age increases the value of sound goods.”

“Ah, madame! Have you vowed not to accept my heart until it has become shop-worn?”

CHAPTER III.

THE ALARMING CRYSTAL BALL.

One day Amandine told Josef a frightful thing.

“Do you know, my dear,” she said to him, “I have something on my conscience?”

“Ah, you freeze my heart! I feared it. But—go on with your confession.”

“My confession? Are you crazy or laughing at me? In any case, do you think I would confess on myself? No, I confess on madame.”

“Ah, since it only concerns Monsieur Duprez, my mind is easy.”

“But, wretch that you are, will you keep still until I shall have told you? I am no doubt wrong in not having mentioned it before; with so good and generous a young man as monsieur, one deserves to be frank—and I have not been. But, he shall know all before it is too late.”

“Heavens! I shudder for my master! What must follow an exordium like that? I am done shuddering—go on.”

“Josef, you are never serious, and that is sometimes wrong; now, for instance, since this is truly a grave matter. My mistress practices black magic!”

“Ah, bah! There is no such thing.”

“It is ignorant of you to say so; and ungallant, since I have affirmed it. It is as I tell you. She has a ball of crystal as big as my head, in which she summons up at will, by incantations, places, men, women, spirits, angels, devils—how do I know what all?—and talks with them. And she sees in it what anybody is doing anywhere, if she desires.”

“The deuce! That might be awkward, if true. But your condition alarms me, my pigeon. Do you often have spells of imagining things like that?”

“I imagine nothing. My mistress sees those things and describes them, so that I can almost see them myself. Sometime, she says, perhaps I may, but I do not wish to. I am afraid of them. And, what is more dreadful yet, she has a machine which talks to her like a person—only a dead person.”

“Oh, that is very simple. It is, no doubt, one of those new American dolls. There is clockwork in its stomach, and it sings: ‘Mother, may I go out to swim?’”

“No, no! It is a machine, not at all like a doll, and it talks sensibly, much more so than you often do. I tell you it is a thing of magic. I do not see why people should say there is no magic any more. Surely, there used to be a great deal. Every one knows that. And since it was once, why should it not be now? Tell me that, if you can, wise one."

"Well, what am I to do? Would you have me convene an ecclesiastical court? The church only takes official cognizance of the devil now. We men of science ignore him."

"That which you will do will be to solemnly warn your master. Put him on his guard. I wash my hands of all further responsibility, now that I have told you."

"Ah! My master knows already. I have heard him call her 'a little witch.'"

"Will you not be serious, Josef?"

"How can I be serious when the intoxication of joy at being near you makes me light-headed?"

"Then I shall leave you until you regain the normal heaviness of your head."

"No; stop! Don't go, Amandine, and I will jest no more. I will tell my master what you say."

"But adjure him that he must not let madame know I have warned him. She might never forgive me. And tell him, if he wants proofs, he shall have them. If he desires it, I shall put him in a closet where he may see all, the next time madame makes her incantations."

"An airy closet, where he will not be overcome by the fumes of the brimstone when the demons come?"

"I have never smelled any brimstone—only heliotrope."

"Ah! Then they are, doubtless, good spirits. But how is he to know when the time will arrive?"

"Drop a long thread from one of your rear windows, so that it shall fall near a window of our kitchen, where I may reach it. When I see her making ready, I will give you a signal by pulling the thread, and, if he comes down, will admit him by the rear door. She always practices her magic in the forenoons."

"He will be sure to come; I will answer for that. Any excuse which affords an opportunity for seeing Madame Girard, under any circumstances, will be good for him. And where do I come in—I, your devoted Josef?"

"If you are very good, you may remain in the kitchen with me while monsieur is in the closet."

"Amandine, you have the word of a Josef that I shall be good—of a lover that I will come."

Josef duly reported to his master the strange story he had been told. Of course, he surmised the talking-machine was a phonograph, with which ingenious invention he had formed a slight and distant acquaintance at the time of the Exposition; but beyond that, Amandine's tale seemed mysterious and improbable to him. And Monsieur Anatole had very little more of either knowledge or opinion in the premises than his valet. But the matter was one demanding investigation. That they fully agreed upon and made all ready for compliance with the girl's directions.

On the second morning thereafter, Josef, who had long already been sitting in a rear room, with the thread tied to his thumb, called excitedly to his master:

"Monsieur! The signal! It is time!"

They hastened down-stairs and were admitted by Amandine, who held a forefinger on her lips as a pantomimic injunction of silence. While Josef seated himself obediently and very willingly in the kitchen, the girl conducted Monsieur Anatole along an obscure passage-way to a large closet, which was pretty well lighted through a small square window high up in one of its walls. She caused him to mount upon a stanch table placed beneath that little window and then left him alone. The scene upon which he gazed in the adjoining apartment was indeed a strange one.

Madame Girard was seated in an easy-chair, still in the act of comfortably adjusting herself before a small table covered and draped with black. She wore a loose wrapper of some soft, clinging white stuff, and her long, heavy hair fell unconfined upon her shoulders. On the table, an ebony pedestal supported, almost at the height of her eyes, a perfect sphere of rock crystal, not less than six inches in diameter. Beyond her, on another black table, stood a phonograph. The walls of the small room were draped with dark-violet hangings, the somber hue of which seemed to absorb the light diffused directly above her head from a translucent globe, doubtless containing an incandescent electric lamp. Having placed herself to her satisfaction, she fixed her gaze intently upon the crystal ball and remained silent and motionless during several minutes.

Suddenly, a small, shrill, penetrating voice broke the stillness with the words:

"Well? What do you see? Tell me what you behold."

The voice was not that of Madame Girard, yet seemed to resemble hers or, rather, to be a reminder of it. Anatole realized that she had, by some motion he had failed to observe, started the phonograph, which was speaking. Its demand reached her hearing as well as his, for she replied to it:

"Nothing; only clouds—slow, rolling clouds, without form, void and of uncertain tint, seeming to ceaselessly involve and evolve themselves."

Anatole wondered that he could hear her soft, mellow voice so plainly, until he discovered that the little window through which he gazed was pendent from hinges at the top and had been cunningly swung a little way outward at the bottom, so that he was practically in the same room with her, so far as hearing and seeing were concerned. Presently, the shrill little voice spoke again sharply, in a tone of command:

"What do you see now? Tell me!"

"I see," responded Madame Girard, speaking slowly and clearly, in a strangely mechanical way, however, "a large room, with heavy crimson curtains draped closely over its two big windows. Between the windows is a tall mirror. There are two other mirrors, very large ones, on the side walls, opposite each other, in huge gilded frames. In the ornamentation of the walls and ceiling there is much gilding and color. The general effect is gaudy, tawdry, vulgar. The center of the room is occupied by a great round table, bearing a profusion of silverware, china, cut-glass and flowers. Covers are placed for eight persons."

The hair of Anatole erected itself, while she went on in that unimpassioned and precise description as if she had been reading from an auctioneer's catalogue. He almost beheld the scene before him, as indeed he often had, for it was one familiar to him. She had relapsed into silence, while these thoughts agitated him, and he began to have a little hope that the inspiration had deserted her, when the evil-minded machine on her left again administered a prod of its vocal needle, summoning her:

"Well. Continue. What else do you see? Tell me! You must speak! I command it!"

"You command anything!" thought Anatole, in a rage. "I would kick out your insides if I could get at you!"

Madame Girard obediently continued:

"Four couples enter the room and take places at the table. Anatole is among them. A girl, whom he calls Nanon, is leaning on his arm—"

Anatole in his excitement, forgetting where he stood, gave a jump and knocked over a pitcher, which fell upon the floor with a great smash, that, he thought, must alarm Madame Girard, and he gave one glance at her, thinking to then leap down and run, but, to his profound surprise, she seemed to have heard nothing. Evidently, she was conscious only of the voice of the machine and what she saw and heard in the crystal ball. He listened again as she went on:

"There is much jesting and laughing and frivolity. The tone of the young women is not demure."

She spoke with seeming reluctance, and her utterance, becoming slower and slower, ceased altogether with that gentle characterization of the demeanor of the young women, which, Anatole did not question, was well within bounds. He again ventured to hope she had run down—would not be able to report anything more. Alas! He had not taken into sufficient account the spur of that diabolical phonograph, which again compelled her by its abominable squeak of—

"Well; you have not finished. Go on! Tell me all! You must see and tell me!"

"Woe to him who invented you! Monster of impertinent curiosity!" ejaculated Anatole.

"There is champagne—and more champagne," resumed Madame Girard. "One of the young women sings a song. Much of it is an *argot* I do not understand. The others join in a chorus of: '*Tzing, la, la; tzing, la, la!*' to which they beat time with a rattle of knives and forks upon the plates and glasses. The chorus ends with '*Boum.*' Anatole does not pay an excessive attention to the young woman he calls Nanon. He becomes involved in a dispute with another man, concerning a race which is to come off. He makes a wager of a thousand francs that the horse Vencedor will win."

She had not stopped speaking or given any indication of doing so, when again the impatient mischief-making machine piped out, its voice mingling with hers:

"Well, go on! See more! Tell me all!"

That was just what she was doing, continuing without regard to it:

"Anatole rises and says he is going home. Nanon does not want him to go, but he persists. He and another gentleman depart. The six persons who remain join again in the chorus: '*Tzing, la, la!*' Anatole and his friend light cigars and stroll along the boulevard to his club."

"Ah, I breathe again!" exclaimed her auditor. "Thank Heaven! It wasn't so very bad that time!"

She went on describing, with the same nicety of detail, his visit to his club, but, seeming to become exhausted, gradually ceased speaking and, as the phonograph no longer spurred her, appeared to sleep.

Anatole fled to his apartments.

CHAPTER IV.

BLACK MAGIC SIMPLIFIED.

The situation presented itself to Monsieur Duprez as one of horror, almost justifying despair. What prospect, he asked himself, would any young man have for marriage if the woman he sought were able to put his life under minute inspection in that appalling fashion? He did not believe he had been any worse than others; indeed, he flattered himself that, if there had been anything exceptional in his career, it had been on the side of propriety. And yet, what must be the view Madame Girard would take of it? Was there no way of putting a stop to her views? Amandine was quite right in saying it was black magic—but black magic with modern scientific attachments. The crystal ball was old as thaumaturgy itself, and really seemed to have a good deal in it, notwithstanding the pooh-poohings of an enlightened age. But how had she been able to corrupt the young and presumably innocent phonograph, making it a partner in her eerie cantraps? The problem, he decided, was too much for him and well worthy the consideration of some thorough scientist. By great good luck he knew one no doubt capable of grappling with it, the American, Dr. G. W. Perkins, who would surely, as a friend, take pleasure in advising him.

Dr. G. W. Perkins, originally from some Western town of the United States, perhaps not down on the map, had made himself, by the force of his energy and genius, a distinguished man in Paris. Being an enthusiast in his profession, he had not been content with graduating—even with honors—in one of the principal medical schools of his own country but had sought to learn yet more by personal study of European practice, particularly in the Viennese and Parisian hospitals. Naturally, that fascinating branch of science, known as hypnotism, attracted his attention, and very soon, as he found himself endowed with exceptional power as a magnetizer, engrossed his interest. By this time he had achieved the distinction of ranking, in the estimation of the scientific world, with the eminent Charcot and the no less great Binet and Féré. Not as a hypnotist, however, did Anatole think of soliciting his aid but simply as a thoroughly "wide-awake" American, "posted" on all new inventions, "well up" in every department of knowledge and gifted with a "sharpness" that seemed intuition for "seeing into things."

With more amusement than he permitted to appear in his countenance, Doctor Perkins listened to Anatole's tale of anxieties and bewilderments, in all its details. In concluding it, the young man said, in a tone of passionate appeal:

"So there you have all the facts. Please tell me frankly what you think of them. How could that charming but alarming young lady see such things in her infernal crystal ball? How could that diabolic machine know the precise moments in which to spur her application to seeing them? And what is she going to think of me if she continues those too well-directed gropings into the infinite after the petty details of my private life prior to my acquaintance with her?"

"The crystal-ball part of your somewhat complicated problem," replied Doctor Perkins, good-humoredly, "is simple enough. The age in which rock-crystal was supposed to have inherent magical properties has gone by. A fixed gazing upon it by one whose cerebro-spinal system is supersensitive is apt to result in the somnambulistic state of self-induced hypnotism to which Doctor W. B. Fahnestock, in 1871, gave the name of 'statuvolism.' But the same effect would be produced if the ball were of glass or polished metal. As you are, of course, aware, the clairvoyant, in the somnambulistic state, has what we may call psychic knowledge of things remote in time and space, as well as those which are near, and even of the thoughts of such persons as are *en rapport* with her. Is her sight limited to such things as are already in the consciousness of some human being which she can penetrate? That is a moot question. What it is of her that sees, how it sees and why it is so independent as it seems to be of the laws governing our waking life, science has by no means conclusively settled as yet. For the present, we may as well accept the facts as known, without worrying our heads over the greatest puzzle of the age. The somnambule's attention being fixed on the crystal ball, she sees and hears in that pellucid mass the things which are purely subjective in her consciousness only—or, at least, she imagines she does, which, for all practical purposes, amounts to the same thing. That's all there is about that."

"All right so far, doctor; I understand that. But how about that mechanical raven, with its tireless croak of 'Go on—tell—speak—let's have more of it?'"

"I think you said that once it spoke while she was speaking?"

"Yes."

"Evidently she has had the ingenious idea of making the phonograph supply the place of a hypnotizer, whose commands would compel her to put her visions into speech. Without such commands, the hypnotee is very apt to relapse into silence, absorbed in the visions presented to her psychic sight and disinclined for vocal effort. This Madame Girard has probably learned and provides against by loading a phonograph cylinder with injunctions, at such intervals of time as experience has taught her might be necessary to enforce her continued speaking."

"It did seem to be a squeaking imitation of her voice."

"Hers, no doubt. It would be sufficient for the purpose. The conscious command of her waking self, repeated to her sleeping self, would be obeyed, just as if it were uttered by another person *en rapport* with her."

"But—why should she take all that trouble to make herself talk?"

"The somnambule has, upon awaking, no remembrance of the visions seen in sleep. My friend, you would be justified in fearing that woman. She has too much cunning for any mere man. If you could have looked into that portion of the room below your line of sight, I am sure you would have seen a second phonograph also at work busily recording every word she uttered."

"Ah! Her reporter!"

"Precisely. She awakes, knowing nothing but that she has been asleep. But that does not trouble her. All she has to do is to reverse the apparatus and listen. The phonograph will not lie."

"It won't, eh? Well, that is just what it has got to do, or I shall be ruined. Could we not, with Amandine's aid, substitute a specially instructed cylinder?"

"I fear that scheme would not work. To command her confidence it would have to be 'loaded' by her own voice. She would detect an imposition at once."

"But there must be some way. Come! Think one out. I appeal to you as an American. What is the use of being an American if you cannot find out some plan for doing anything?"

"There's something in that. I reckon I shall have to, if only for the national reputation."

He lighted a pipe and cogitated.

Anatole protested:

"If you do not, I know very well what will happen. Madame Girard will only require to peruse a few more chapters of my biography—with the prejudices women have—when she will give me my dismissal. Then—I shall hang myself."

"I do not think you will come to that. I already have my plan," replied the doctor.

What the plan was and how it worked out will, in good time, be seen; for Anatole accepted it with enthusiasm, and the details were arranged at once. The two friends separated, with an engagement on the part of the doctor to present himself, early the next morning, at the apartments of Monsieur Duprez and a determination by Anatole to devote himself to a programme which should, he hoped, prevent Madame Girard again getting at her oracle in the interim.

When she returned from her afternoon drive, he was waiting for her. He remained to dinner. Then he induced her to accompany him to the opera. When the curtain had fallen on the last act, he persuaded her to partake of a little supper with him. So he managed that her time was well occupied until as late an hour as possible; and, as far as was practicable, he utilized every minute of the time in declaring to her his passionate devotion and vowing life-long fidelity. That she did not hear him without interest was evident; but when he pressed her to accept his hand as well as his heart, she was coy, banteringly reminded him they were almost strangers, coquettishly affirmed that the glibness of his love-making betrayed an appalling amount of practice in amorous protestation and, withal, evaded giving him a positive answer. But, at the last moment, she relented so far as to promise that in the afternoon of the next day she would end his suspense with either "yes" or "no."

"And I would wager my neck," said

Anatole to himself, as he went up to his apartments, "that which it will be depends upon the inspiration she gets from the crystal ball to-morrow. And it shall be 'yes,' for we will work the oracle."

CHAPTER V.

SUBORNING THE HONEST PHONOGRAPH.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, Josef reported another tug at the thread tied to his thumb, after the fashion of the day before.

"Come quickly!" said Doctor Perkins to Anatole, with whom he was awaiting the signal. "It is essential to the success of our experiment that we make haste. I must get control of her before she has become self-hypnotized, as otherwise my attempt might only throw her into convulsions."

They rapidly descended the stairs and were met by Amandine, who noiselessly conducted them to the closet.

Madame Girard, at the moment when they beheld her through the little window, was already seated and just about to fix upon the crystal ball the fixed gaze which would quickly transport her consciousness across the borders of the unknown. Doctor Perkins, to his great satisfaction, recognized her at once as a woman who had, upon several occasions, under a pledge that her *incognito* should be respected, offered herself as a subject for his experiments and had demonstrated unusual sensitiveness. He had imagined her only motive a desire to enjoy the deep sleep of the hypnotee, but now suspected her of having had a deliberate purpose to develop such neurotic conditions as would readily induce statuvolism. Whatever might have been the object in view, one result was certain: that *rapport* had been permanently established between her and her hypnotizer which would ever after give him easy and certain control. It was, therefore, with perfect confidence of success that he extended toward her his hands, formulating in his mind, with a concentrated effort of will, the command: "Sleep! I will it." The palms of his hand were downward; the fingers extended, their points converging but not touching each other; his attitude, that of authority; his countenance, expressive of firmness and profound calm. In a few seconds, without a struggle or even a glance at the crystal, Madame Girard sank back in her easy-chair in a deep sleep.

"She is one of the best subjects I ever encountered," remarked the doctor, in his natural tone of voice.

"S-h! For Heaven's sake! You will wake her up. Don't you see the window is open?" whispered Anatole, anxiously.

"Oh! There 's no danger of her awaking until I tell her to do so. I have captured the control. Come, now; let us go around to her."

Amandine then conducted them to the door of the apartment hitherto sacred to "madame's magic." They opened it, raised a *portière* and entered. Anatole still walked upon tip-toe, not altogether assured of the continuance of that sleep which seemed to him too sudden to be reliable; but Doctor Perkins moved with as much freedom as if in his lecture-room and, after a glance to see that no machinery had yet been set in motion, spoke as loudly as in ordinary conversation.

"Admirable!" he said, chucklingly. "How well she has arranged her surroundings of light and color! I wonder if she evolved them herself or has had instruction. And there, you see, as I told you, the second phonograph, ready to do its part. She has not started it yet and you will see, if you examine, the cylinder is quite clean of impressions. With what pretty stories it might be filled if we were not to interfere."

"You make my blood run cold by the suggestion."

"It is only a fancy; we are here to prevent its becoming a reality. Now comes the difficult part of my work. When that cylinder commences revolving, we must be absolutely silent, for the slightest noise will infallibly be transferred to it, and it will never do to have it squeak at her, when she awakes, anything else than her own words and the admonitory chirpings of the other instrument. Hence, all my effect must be by mental suggestion. I should hesitate at attempting such an extraordinary telepathic feat, if I were not assured of the perfect *rapport* between us. But, under the existing conditions, it will be a charming and, I am sure, successful experiment. And now—to business!"

He started both phonographs, placed himself near to Madame Girard, gazing steadily upon her, and waited. Presently the little, shrill voice of mechanical inquisitiveness demanded:

"Well, what do you see? Tell me!"

Being, as she was, under the more powerful control of a living hypnotizer, the somnambule could not have heard that sound except by his direction; but, as he willed it, she was conscious of the summons and, after a little hesitancy, replied:

"I see Anatole. He is sitting alone in his room, going over a book of accounts. He closes it with a gratified expression and says to himself: 'That does not turn out badly. Fifty thousand francs are a neat profit on the transaction. Ah! The love of that dear Madame Girard is truly a mascot to me. She makes me happier, better, richer.'"

Anatole grinned and softly rubbed his hands together in an ecstasy of enjoyment. Doctor Perkins made an imperative gesture of warning not to distract his attention. The widow went on:

"He takes off his boots, puts on his slippers and looks upon his table for something to read, sighing as he does so: 'Ah, it is lonesome away from my dear Madame Girard—my sweet Natalie! What a delicious little name! So musical! The very sound of it is a caress.'"

"What do you see now? Tell me!" questioned the instrument of clockwork authority, sharply.

She continued without seeming to hear it:

"He takes up a book, a 'Treatise on the Moral Duties,' to which he devotes his attention. He says to himself: 'That is good. Such a man, a husband, a father, I shall be when I marry Natalie.' His valet brings to him a card. The name upon it is that of 'M. Claude Berthillot.' The visitor enters and is cordially received by him. They chat about things of indifference—the weather—the new minister. Monsieur Berthillot asks Anatole if he is not going out. He replies that he is not. Monsieur Berthillot insists that he shall participatê in a jolly supper with two of their friends and four girls of the opera ballet. Anatole refuses. He says: 'I have, definitely and forever, my dear Claude, abandoned such frivolities. They never were to me anything more than the distractions of idle hours, but even so much they cannot be to me any more.' 'But,' says his friend, 'how about the little Nanon, who will expect to see you?' 'You know very well, my friend,' replies Anatole, 'that my friendship for Nanon was simply Platonic.' 'True,' responds Monsieur Berthillot, 'but she is very jolly. And what are you going to do with yourself—turn monk?' 'No; something infinitely better,' answers Anatole, with enthusiasm."

"Well, continue! What else do you see?" interrupted the speaking cylinder.

"'I am going to marry—at least I hope I am—the best and most charming woman in the world, whom I love with all my soul and in whom I hope to find all my future happiness. The pure affection she inspires causes me to look with disgust upon the follies of the past, in which, indeed, my heart never was engaged. I am done forever with the club, the race-course, Nanon and all the rest.' 'You mean that you are done frivoling if this charming woman accepts you?' 'In any event, my reformation is complete. The eyes of my soul have been opened by my love. If she should plunge me in despair by her rejection, I would probably go far away—Egypt—the north pole—Chicago—somewhere—and die in solitude of a broken heart. That is all.' 'And who,' inquires Monsieur Berthillot, 'if I may be permitted to ask, is the woman for whom you contemplate such sacrifices?' 'None other than Mme. Natalie Girard, the loveliest of her sex, of whose white soul I aspire to make myself worthy and whose affection would be to me the greatest earthly blessing.'"

She was silent.

Doctor Perkins looked inquiringly at Anatole, who nodded his emphatic approval of that as a good point to stop at. In vain the phonograph insisted:

"Well, you have not finished. Go on! Tell me all! You must see and tell me!"

The somnambule did not hear it.

"In ten minutes you will awake, remembering nothing," was Doctor Perkins's final mental command to the sleeper.

The two gentlemen went together up to the rooms of Monsieur Duprez, who was in high spirits.

"How well you covered every point!" he exclaimed delightedly.

"It is an American maxim," replied the doctor, "that, whatever one undertakes, he should 'do his level best.'"

* * * * *

That afternoon, when M. Anatole Duprez called upon Mme. Natalie Girard for her promised answer to his proposal of yesterday, she said to him, with both smiles and tears in her eyes:

"You have been, I fear, rather a wild boy in the past; but I believe you love me—and—yes."

THE END.

THE KING OF HONEY ISLAND.[*]

A Historical Romance of the Creole Coast.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON,

Author of "Mordbank," "The Fighting at Point Rose," "A Tallahassee Girl," "His Second Campaign," "Hoosier Mosaics," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENT.

[Jules Vernon, wealthy and with mysterious periods in his past, is at the Vernon plantation, at Bay St. Louis, La., some months before the British expedition sets sail which is to try to capture New Orleans. His wife, a bright and volatile creole, and his vivacious and beautiful daughter Pauline are with him. A wandering but vigorous old Scotchman, Max Burns, has suddenly come within their horizon and confided to Mr. Vernon his life-secret, which is this: His orphan granddaughter, while a mere child, had eloped from Scotland with a daring young scapegrace, and the old man had been searching the New World to find her. While Vernon is yet puzzling over this story, Burns leaves on foot in the direction of Pearl River and Honey Island, a region at that time a hotbed of outlaws and pirates. Scarcely had the old man gone when a young artist, Burton Fairfax, of Virginia, appears. He is a rich orphan and a son of an old friend of Vernon's. Just now he is staying with a singular little creole hermit, named Vasseur, in a rambling backwoods house overlooking Bay St. Louis. Fairfax becomes acquainted with Pauline and there is an incipient love affair. Vasseur shows to Fairfax a strange and valuable collection of precious stones, by far the most valuable of which is a remarkably large and beautiful amethyst cut to the form of a cross, which he treasures both for its value and some mysterious associations which he always avoids explaining. One night there come from the Black-wolf Trail, and consequently from the direction in which old Burns had gone, five horsemen, who descend upon Vasseur's house, bind and gag Vasseur and Fairfax, frighten away the slaves and take the precious stones. Their leader at once exclaims, on examining the treasures: "The cross is not here! Where is it?" At the same moment Vasseur manages to spit out his gag, screams in creole French: "Pierre Rameau, you dastard, you faithless and honorless hound—" and is stopped by the chief, who crushes in Vasseur's mouth with his heavy foot. Pierre Rameau is the name of "the King of Honey Island," the rendezvous of numerous buccaneers, and from Vasseur's exclamation, Fairfax concludes that there has been a connection, not long since, between the two. The five robbers, having secured the amethyst cross, set fire to the house in which Vasseur and Fairfax are lying bound and ride away.]

CHAPTER IV.

ECHOES FROM LAWLESS DAYS.

FOR a while it looked as if Vasseur and Fairfax would be roasted alive in the burning house, as the leader of the cavaliers had intended when he applied the fire; but the slaves rallied from their stupor of fright in time to come to the rescue.

The two men, still bound and gagged, were dragged forth without any ceremony and left lying at some distance from the building, while the excited blacks made heroic efforts to save first the house itself and then the furniture. Their work was quite in vain, however, for the dry, resinous pine logs and boards yielded to the flames as if with delight, flinging out such heat that nothing less invulnerable than a salamander could have gone within the doors. They made a great hubbub as they rushed here and there through the black pitch-smoke and the increasing glare, their half-clad sable forms looking like veritable demons raging around some infernal center of torture.

Fairfax lay on his back under a fig-tree and watched helplessly and with what resignation he could command the rapid and weird changes of the scene. The negroes had deemed it best to leave the men tied, seeing at a glance that to unbind them would require great effort and much loss of valuable time, which had better be spent in efforts to save property. It was a strikingly characteristic fact that not one of them thought of cutting the cords! Both Fairfax and Vasseur tried to make them think of it; but the ludicrous grimaces, which under the circumstances were their only language, conveyed no such suggestion to the excited Africans, wherefore, as the conflagration proceeded, Vasseur raged in stifling silence, and Fairfax strove to deport himself with all the dignity becoming the last of a great Virginia family, considering the peculiarities of the situation.

Meanwhile, the five cavaliers were speeding on their way to Honey Island. Their ride back along the Black-wolf Trail was far brisker than was their pace when we saw them going down to the bay; indeed, by the time that full daylight was abroad in the woods, they were far up by the banks of Pearl River, galloping along single file, with a cane-brake on one hand and a wild jungle of live-oaks and tangled vines on the other. The chief had led them by a new route from Vasseur's to the trail, a cross-way that ran past the humble home of Lapin, the overseer of Mr. Vernon's plantation. Day was beginning to shoot up its first faint shimmer as they rode near the little place, startling a pack of dogs from their slumbers under a low shed and drawing from them a broadside of discordant baying. Some domestic fowls, roosting on a rude grape trellis, cackled lustily.

Two savage-looking bloodhounds cleared the low yard fence at a bound and came tearing along after the horsemen, as if to drag them from their saddles.

"Don't shoot!" commanded the chief, as one of the cavaliers lifted his gun. "We are not niggers; they'll quit when they discover our scent. Hold your fire."

Sure enough it was so; the dogs turned about almost instantly, when they discovered that it was white men in the saddles, and trotted leisurely back the way they had come.

While this was going on, a singular incident added significance to what would have otherwise been scarcely worth our noting.

At the sound of the chief's voice, some one in the house leaped out of bed and ran to the little square window-hole that overlooked the path along which the cavaliers were cantering. A moment later, just as the chief was on the point of disappearing among the trees, a head covered with long, scattering, disheveled locks of white hair was thrust out, the face showing haggard and shrunken with intense excitement, and the sunken blue eyes followed in strange wise the horseman's movements.

The chief glanced back just at that point, but he did not see the face in the window-hole; if he had seen it and recognized it, the effect upon him would have been greater than a row of leveled guns could have produced.

Little note made the grim riders of this incident; they did not note it at all, in fact, but galloped on in reckless mood, knowing that there was no force to pursue them, and that every bound their horses made bore them that much nearer to the land of their comrades, the almost impenetrable wilderness of Honey Island, where their chief was king, and where the division of spoils was the only evidence of law.

One came upon their track, however—a tall old man on foot and unarmed. He strode out from Lapin's cabin and followed the trail, stepping slowly and firmly, yet showing as if from within the window of his countenance a consuming eagerness and a great hope.

It was thus that Alexander Max Burns once more got a glimpse of the man who had stolen his child. That man's voice had startled him from his morning's sleep under Lapin's roof, and the hurried look through the window had photographed on his brain a picture of terrible significance to him. For the merest point of time his eyes had rested upon Kirk MacCollough. He muttered that name as he trudged deeper and deeper into the gloomy forest following the trail of the cavaliers.

What is it that makes our consciousness of an enemy's personal beauty something appealing and, in a way, distressing? An old duelist has been heard to say that he would rather stand before an ordinary-looking dead shot than before a handsome bungler. The glamour of a fine, magnetic presence is strangely confusing; and the effect seems more powerful when the face is an evil one, especially when the evil is not on the outside and shows only elusively and by subtle indirection from within. Max Burns felt the fascination that flashed from the robber-chief's face, and for a time it almost unnerved him; the beauty it wore, like some shining mask, did not suggest at all times the dark spirit of the desperate and lawless man. Long, curling yellow hair and a fine, full beard of the same color; a straight nose; a good forehead; long, narrow, clear-gray eyes and a mouth indescribably haughty and stern in its expression, were supplemented by a frame of unusual stature and symmetry. This was

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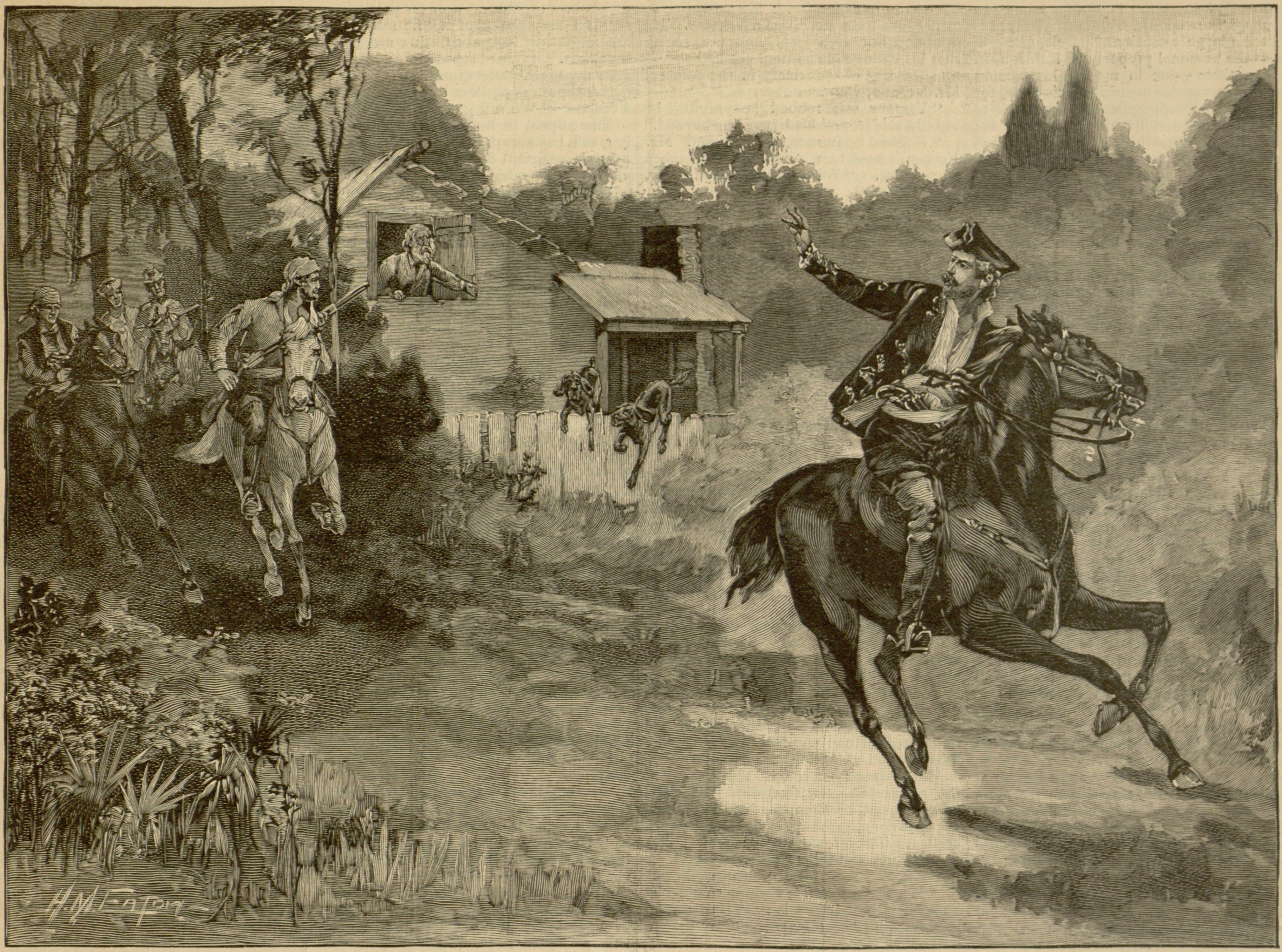

"'DON'T SHOOT!' COMMANDED THE CHIEF, AS ONE OF THE CAVALIERS LIFTED HIS GUN. 'HOLD YOUR FIRE!'"

Pierre Rameau, formerly Kirk MacCollough, now the King of Honey Island, as old Max Burns saw him in the gray morning light, an apparition of unspeakable meaning to him, gleam like a phantom of evil for a second and then fade, as it were, into the gloom of the moss-hung woods.

Certainly it was not the Kirk MacCollough of twelve years ago—not the slender, fair-faced youth who had stolen the girl—though the reckless half-smile still lingered and the old stamp of utter unrestraint was as plain as ever. No, not the boyish Kirk MacCollough, but the man, full-grown to his prime, masterful, commanding, a leader of men, and yet there was no mistaking his identity.

Max Burns was old, and for fifty years had been a preacher whose sermons had overflowed with sentimental tenderness; but he had a side to his nature which was as hard as Scotch granite. It was with this hard side out that he was pursuing Kirk MacCollough; and yet, even through this, the spell of the man's strong and beautiful face found its way to his heart.

The effect of it was but temporary, so far as checking his determination was concerned; but it never quite left him during the rest of the day as he slowly but steadily followed the trail into the main road and on toward the upper Pearl-River region.

Literally, the preacher had no scrip for his journey, no staff, no means of living; he depended, as the old-time minister of the backwoods was wont to do, upon the hand of Providence. Here and there a trapper's or a hunter's hut, here and yonder a settler's cabin offered him rest, food, shelter. He did not tell his story; but he prayed at the fireside of all, and he managed to leave behind him, wherever he went, a memorable something—sweet, strange and altogether welcome to the simple pioneer hearts. Sometimes he fell among desperate men, robbers themselves, or aiders and abettors of them, and even with these he was at home; for he bore with him the charm of childlike faith, combined with the touching appeal of unprotected old age.

What helped him most of all, perhaps, was his singing; for age had scarcely touched the deep, rich music of his voice, and his memory was stored with hymns and tunes that enthralled the hearts of his entertainers.

The strolling preachers of all denominations traversed our frontier regions in those days, and Max Burns was accepted as a member of the class without a question, without suspicion, and made freely welcome by every household as a privileged if not in every instance a venerated person. Curious enough does it appear when recorded, but it is, nevertheless, a historical fact, that the preacher found for some time a home with one Dick Becket, well known as the fighting fiddler, who was a red-headed man, very bow-legged, much freckled and badly scarred by an old knife-cut across the nose, and whose cabin was about three miles east of Pearl River, opposite the southern end of Honey Island.

This Dick Becket was a trapper and, to some extent, a trader with the Indians. His cabin was often the stopping-place of the freebooters, with whom he kept on good terms without having anything to do with their enterprises. He charged liberal prices for their board and lodging, and so his place became known far and near as Dick's. He lived to a great age, dying in 1867 on the banks of Pearl River, not far from where his first cabin stood. It was from him, at first hand, that many of the Honey Island legends came into circulation in their present form. He fiddled as long as he lived, and was a noted story-teller. He took Burns in and became greatly attached to him, ever afterward calling him Daddy or Parson Burns.

Thus established within a comparatively short distance of Pierre Rameau's base of operations, the old man felt that at last he was on the point of reaching the end of his long wanderings. There could be no doubt now that Pierre Rameau and MacCollough were one and the same man, nor did it look possible for the outlaw to prevent his approach, provided that he could avoid recognition.

The writer of this story has become the owner of a curious and singularly interesting collection of papers, labeled "The Pearl River Records," and it is from these and from Dick Becket's stories that he has obtained the main facts in connection with Rev. Max Burns's sojourn in the region of Honey Island. The information is meager enough touching the old man's motive; but this lack naturally came of his reticence and caution in communicating with the people who treated him so kindly. Supplementing the fiddler's reminiscences and the "Records"—most of which have to do with the exploits of various outlaws, from Rameau, Lafitte, Murrell and Copeland, down to Rube Burrow and Eugene Bunch—the recollections of Orlando Favre, a very old half-breed Indian, who died some fifteen years ago, have been relied upon; but, after all, the facts are meager and scattering. Indeed, what has already been told in the present chapter cannot be added to. The further adventures of Max Burns, in so far as they will be found of importance in this story, will be looked for at another stage of our progress.

We must now return to the bay of Saint Louis, where we left Vasseur and Fairfax enduring as best they could a situation at once awkward and trying in the extreme. To be bound and gagged could be borne after a fashion, so long as the evil was enforced by an irresistible enemy; moreover, since every moment added the torture of cruelly tight-drawn cords to wrists and ankles, the first part of the ordeal was much milder than the latter part; but when it came to lying prone, stiff and speechless while a great fire raged almost over them, it was the unbearable that had to be borne; it was torture too exasperating for even the temper of Fairfax. He too gave way to violent "paroxysms of silence," as he afterward expressed it.

When Vasseur was at length released, he was too weak and benumbed by the pressure of the bonds and by the exhaustive wrath-passion that he had indulged in for his curses and cuffs to do much harm; but he distributed both with unstinted liberality as he limped and hopped wildly about amongst the negroes.

The house and nearly everything in it were burned to ashes in an incredibly short time. Fairfax could not repress a smile when he found that his travelling-bag containing his clothes had been saved, while his sketches and his weapons—his pistols and his gun, a rifle of great value—had been overlooked and left to be destroyed. As for Vasseur, his mind, what little of it was presently available, raged with the memory of his lost treasure of jewels. He screamed in French, he screeched in Italian, he cursed and swore without fear of confusion of tongues, and through it all ran something about having been betrayed and robbed by an individual who owed him an eternal debt of gratitude. All this, considering that the man was still in his night-clothes, of which a red night-cap was a most conspicuous garment, would have been highly amusing at any other time; and even now, at its worst, it was weirdly, almost demoniacally, comical.

Fairfax dressed himself forthwith, and then stood, with his hands in his pockets, staring at the scene, as one does when one feels especially perplexed and helpless in the midst of sudden disaster. He turned quickly, however, when Vasseur came near. The little fellow could scarcely speak intelligibly, and the froth of excitement was clotted on his lips.

"It was zat Pierre Rameau!" he cried, not forgetting to air his English even in this extremity. "Zat villaine, zat robbaire! He steal evareting! He burn my *maison;* he care off my propriety!"

Usually it was not hard for Fairfax to find words; but now he could frame no suitable comment on the occasion. He stood looking at his swarthy little host, and smiling half mechanically, without moving his lips to make him a response. There was pathos as well as comedy in the situation.

The negroes, men, women and children, gathered in awe-struck groups to gaze on the fire, making their remarks in undertones, the women crying and the half-naked little ones clinging to the coarse, scant skirts of their mothers.

"Ah! Ze villaine! Ze scoun'rel! Ze robbaire! Oh! Ah! Ah! Ah! My jewels! My pretty jewels!" still wailed Vasseur, after the house was white ashes and the sun had come up from the sea like a great round flower of flame. "My precious stones! My beautiful cross! My money! Zey are all gone—gone! He took zem! Oh! Ze perfide vagabone! Ze *scélérat!*"

When Fairfax had pulled himself together sufficiently to consider the situation calmly, his first effort was toward reducing Vasseur to a rational state of mind, a task by no means easy to accomplish. He succeeded in a measure at length, and when the poor little man had found some clothes and a pipe, the whole matter was talked over; and so it happened that Fairfax heard a strange story.

Eight years prior to the robbery at Vasseur's, the two men, Vasseur and Rameau, had been comrades and equal sharers in the dangers and the profits of a daring piece of piracy done in the far East. In dividing the spoils, Vasseur gladly accepted a large quantity of jewels, some of them the personal property of Rameau, in lieu of their value in money, his passion for precious stones controlling his greed for gold; but a goodly pile of money fell to his share also, and he abandoned the sea forthwith to settle himself, with a body of slaves, on a plantation in San Domingo, whence, when disturbances came, he fled to his present abode on the beautiful bluffs of the bay of Saint Louis.

Vasseur gave the details of his story without reserve. He was boiling over with indignation, and his passion made him recklessly communicative; indeed, he was almost crazed, and seemed to find vent for his overcharge of nervous excitement in laying bare the innermost secrets of his past experience.

Under ordinary circumstances and in a normal mood, Fairfax most probably would have refused to hear these terrible confessions; and yet they were of a kind to enthrall the imagination of a young man, himself passionately fond of adventure; and when he was told that the daring and villainous act just perpetrated by the riders from Honey Island had been directed by Pierre Rameau in person, he felt that, no matter what had been Vasseur's crimes, the little man was justifiable in considering himself atrociously betrayed and outraged by his former partner in felony.

It was a revelation to Fairfax thus to find himself the companion and comrade in misfortune of a whilom pirate; but, strange as it may seem, he did not recoil from the discovery. Doubtless he recognized it as a necessary part of the life around him, and found food for his fancy in regarding it as an incident of the slowly receding buccaneer days—a stray, lingering wave of the wild tide of lawlessness which formerly flowed from the Caribbean across the Gulf into the famous rendezvous of Bay Saint Louis; at all events, he found a certain exhilaration possessing him, and as he walked up to the Vernon place that same morning he could not cast off a sense of the link which connected him with some great chain of picturesque events past, present and to come.

When he neared the house he heard the noisy mocking-birds in the oaks and magnolias, and the first person he saw was Mlle. Pauline Vernon standing, tall, bright and beautiful, on the veranda under the vines. Something in her form and face sent a tender thrill through him, and in a moment he was strangely happy. Youth casts out the evil spirit of misfortune so easily in the worst case; and, after all, what had happened to Fairfax was no more than a stimulating bit of experience in the rougher current of the wild life into which he had voluntarily thrown himself. He had seen Pierre Rameau in one of his most picturesque attitudes, and the apparition was of itself worth all that he had paid for it in submitting to the gag and to imminent danger of being roasted alive. The artist within him was complacently happy over the whole affair. In truth, he could not have denied that the robber's face had its fascination. Some day he would paint it from memory, or mayhap he might yet see those strange, terrible, magnetic eyes again.

CHAPTER V.

A BREAKFAST AT VERNON PLACE.

As Fairfax approached the veranda, Mr. Vernon came out of the hall, booted as if for a ride; at the same time a servant led a horse around from the rear of the house. Father and daughter both smiled at sight of the young man, and Mr. Vernon welcomed him with a hearty, loud “Good morning,” his voice ringing out pleasantly:

“Glad to see you, my boy—glad to see you. Hope you slept well last night. It was a grand night for sound, refreshing sleep!”

Fairfax lifted his hat and shook hands with them both. For the single moment that his fingers closed over those of Mlle. Pauline he looked into her shy but friendly eyes and forgot all that had passed during the night.

“And how are they down at Vasseur's?” continued Mr. Vernon. “Is my little neighbor well?”

He always spoke of Vasseur in the diminutive.

The inquiry caused Fairfax to start perceptibly. It was a rude transition from the mood of the moment to a thought of what had come to pass during the night. At first he had no words ready. Like an abashed boy, he stood looking now at Mlle. Pauline and then at her father. There was little enough of shyness or hesitation in his nature; but somehow the questions threw him into confusion. Just then the subject called up was not welcome to him; it would have been so much pleasanter could he have been left alone with Mlle. Pauline to forget that there ever was a Vasseur. He hesitated but a moment, however, seeing that his change of countenance had stirred up some sort of uneasiness in the mind of Mr. Vernon, who had observed it.

“Vasseur was robbed last night,” he bluntly said, “and his house was burned.”

“Robbed! Burned!” exclaimed Mr. Vernon, whose turn it now was to be taken by surprise. “What do you mean to say, Mr. Fairfax!”

Mlle. Pauline drew close to her stalwart, shaggy father, and put an arm over his immense shoulder. The blood had left her face, so that it was as white as a lily petal.

It did not give Fairfax any pleasure to tell the story. Perhaps, being a very young man, he was aware that his part in the affair had been neither heroic nor picturesque, and that he must at best appear to have been an easy victim to a bold assault. This was no exhilarating consciousness.

Mr. Vernon's brow grew dark as he listened, and he combed his beard with his fingers.

“I will ride down and see Vasseur,” he said. “It may be that I can be of service to him. Go in, Mr. Fairfax; the ladies will ask you a thousand questions; I will return immediately.”

“But it is dreadful! It is dangerous! You will be killed!” cried Pauline, clinging to him, nervously. “Don't go, father! Please, don't.”

He kissed her, laughing meantime to pooh-pooh her fears, then went down the steps and vaulted with a superb show of muscular energy into the saddle. Before he rode away, he sat for a time stroking the glossy neck of his horse, while the groom fetched a pair of heavy holster pistols and hung them at the pommel of the saddle; then his gun was also handed to him.

Mrs. Vernon made her appearance at this point. She saw forthwith that something unusual had happened, and began to ask questions, growing excited as she proceeded. The groom stood listening with open mouth and rolling eyes.

“Mr. Fairfax will tell you everything,” said Mr. Vernon; “it's nothing so terrible, after all. The danger is past, if there ever was any, and I'm only going down to console poor little Vasseur.

“And, say, dear,” he turned and added to his wife, after he had ridden to some distance, “ask Mr. Fairfax to have some breakfast; I don't think he has taken any this morning. I may return in time to have coffee with you; but don't wait.”

Mrs. Vernon made a gesture of despair and began to cry hysterically.

“I will not stay in this terrible place any longer!” she exclaimed with vehemence. “We must go back to the city at once. Oh, but this is unbearable! Robbers down there—only a mile or so away! What if—if—what if they had come here!”

This was addressed to Mr. Vernon, but he did not hear; his horse was already galloping briskly away. The three, Mrs. Vernon, Pauline and Fairfax, stood looking after him until he had passed out of sight amid the fringe of trees along the bluff of the bay shore. What to them was a reality, quite in keeping with the time and the place, must appear to us, at this distance and with our surroundings, like an illustration torn from some old novel. Even in that day, however, when every inhabitant of the gulf coast was more or less familiar with lawlessness and violence in their most picturesque forms, there was something startling in each new phase of the reckless life that throbbed along the old creole borders. It is impossible for men and women to live in the midst of romance and not realize it in some degree.

“He ought to have lived in the days of Richard the Lionheart,” said Fairfax, turning his gaze from where Mr. Vernon had disappeared in the wood to the pale face of Pauline. “He would have been a knight of iron with that frame of his.” He spoke lightly, more to break up the situation and call the ladies back to themselves than to give expression to the fancy of the moment, suggested by the superb horsemanship just witnessed.

“But the robbers! They will kill him!” insisted Mrs. Vernon. “He is going right to them!”

“Never fear, madam,” said Fairfax with an assuring smile; “there isn't the slightest danger. Those gallant knights of the road are many miles from here at present. It appears that they knew too much about Vasseur's treasure, and so planned a successful raid on it. There is no more danger from them; they are gone.”

“But we have jewels, too,” said Mrs. Vernon with a quick look at Pauline. “They might want our diamonds!”

Fairfax laughed outright, and the ladies joined him timidly, as if under protest.

“If I may speak of it,” he said, “you are forgetting to make further mention of breakfast. I am preposterously hungry after my night's adventures.”

“A thousand pardons!” exclaimed Mrs. Vernon. “We will go in at once.”

The appeal to her hospitality was with her, as it has always been with the Southern hostess, sufficient to drive almost anything else from her mind.

Pauline led the way to the breakfast-room, where the table was spread near a rude alcove in the soft light of vine-covered windows. The wildness of the place was emphasized by woody perfumes, that strayed in along with brilliant song-phrases of the thrushes and mocking-birds. The air itself, as it rustled through open doors and windows, was a breath of the blooming virgin wilderness, and there was a note of remoteness and loneliness in the swash of the sea and the sough of the pines. It may have been the sense of isolation induced by the surroundings that made Fairfax enjoy in some indefinable way the indirect appeal to his protection, which he felt rather than saw or heard coming to him from Mrs. Vernon and her daughter.

Although he felt it necessary to hide from the ladies every doubt he might have as to their perfect security, he found himself tingling with pleasure, to know that his presence gave them a sense of safety. It now seemed to him inexplicable that Mr. Vernon should have brought his wife and daughter to this lonely and exposed place. If the bay of Saint Louis is a secluded, dreamy, far-withdrawn spot even now, what was it at the beginning of our century?

“I shall insist on going back to our house in New Orleans at once,” said Mrs. Vernon, as they took their places at the table, and she signaled for a servant. “I am not willing to live here any longer.”

She shrugged her shoulders and shivered.

“It may be as you think, Mr. Fairfax, that there is no danger; but who wants to live where outlaws ride past one's window by night and rob and burn one's neighbor's house! And, besides, I'm heartily tired of this horrid place!”

Her vivacity gave a charming piquancy to her expression of discontent. She spoke of Vasseur as her neighbor, but, in fact, she had never seen the man or his house.

Fairfax could not have the heart to simulate opposition to the natural feeling of his hostess, especially since he was hoping and wishing that the departure of the Vernons for New Orleans would be hastened by every possible good fortune. He was ready to go with them at a moment's notice, and would have been glad to give the notice himself.

“Your experience here will be pleasant to remember,” he said, “and I should think that such an outing would add an express charm to your enjoyment of the city. I am sure that even my unheroic adventures with the masked raiders from the wilderness will afford me most enjoyable recollections so soon as I can get them in the proper perspective. To be perfectly frank, I am myself quite willing to return to New Orleans.”

“Father will be ready to go now,” spoke up Pauline, for the first time; “he will not wish to keep us here any longer.”

It was useless for Fairfax to try, he could not lead the conversation away from the robbers, and so they sat long at the table discussing the subject most unwelcome to him, until Mr. Vernon returned just in time to take coffee with them.

The incoming of the bluff and cheery host changed the atmosphere of the room at once; Mrs. Vernon and Pauline were smiling and comparatively at ease again.

“I have sent a small boat with orders to my overseer at the Chandeleurs to bring up another large schooner; I'm going to take everything away from here.” These were Mr. Vernon's first words. “My sloop is just in from New Orleans,” he added, turning some papers in his hands. “The war between England and the United States is taking a new turn, it seems, and this coast will not long be safe. We will return to New Orleans at once.”

Mrs. Vernon and Pauline exchanged a glance of delight; evidently just then they were glad of anything, even war, that would drive them away from their wildwood home and back to the security and comfort of the city. They forgot Pierre Rameau and his cavaliers, they forgot Vasseur and his house in ashes, as on the instant the vision of the mansion on the narrow street in New Orleans arose in their minds with the murmur of man's activities and the gleam of passing vehicles. Indeed, the thought of war was vague, remote, shrouded in the misty distance; even the United States seemed to them not the country in which they lived but rather some far-off land in which they had but a nominal interest.

Fairfax had left New York just in advance of the beginning of war, and perhaps no better impression can be given of the wide, unconquered distances of our country before steam and electricity had compressed them, than to imagine that, although for some months the fighting had been going on, the news of it was just fairly reaching this nook of the gulf coast where he found himself so deeply and sweetly content that the thought of his country's peril or of his duty, as the son of a patriot soldier, calling him to arms had not once arisen in his mind. He had heard the war mentioned in New Orleans; but it had not impressed him as a matter of importance to himself.

“I am selfish enough to be glad when I hear you say that you are going back to the city,” he said, “for I shall have to depend upon you to give me room in your vessel. I was just telling the ladies that last night's experiences have quite filled my cup of desire, and that I am willing to retire from this picturesque region.”

Mr. Vernon laughed, but it was easy to see that behind his appearance of cheerfulness grave thoughts were pressing upon him. His heavy, bearded face showed unmistakable lines of trouble, and in his deep-set eyes a cloud was hovering. He sipped his coffee and made light remarks; but Pauline's quick sympathy discovered his real mood.

“Something has happened to disturb you, papa,” she ventured. “There is something you dread for us to know.”

The perfect frankness of her voice and manner and the outright sincerity of her words seemed to touch her father. A slight flush crept into his cheeks along the fringe of his ample white beard; he looked at her with a gleam of tenderness in his eyes.

“You are a very close observer,” he said, in half-banter. “You read me as if my face were a book.”

“He finds it hard to tear away from the freedom of this wild place,” remarked Mrs. Vernon. “I wish we could take the whole estate along with us to the city.”

“I wish I knew that we could be sure of safety, even in New Orleans,” said Mr. Vernon. “It is better to be in the city than here; but what will become of it when an English fleet and army lay siege to it?”

“But they will never come away off there, will they?” inquired Pauline, with all the faith of a child in long distances.

Her father laughed.

“We will not borrow trouble,” he said, as he folded the papers in his hand and bestowed them in a pocket of his ample jacket, meantime permitting Pauline to refill his cup. Then he changed his tone and said that they would sail for New Orleans to-morrow morning, if the breeze should be favorable.

Fairfax saw that something of more direct personal interest than news of the progress of the war was demanding Mr. Vernon's thought. A subtlety of insight, accidental and momentary, perhaps, gave him a half-glimpse of what it was, or, at least, engendered a suspicion of its origin, if not of its nature and substance.

“How did you find Vasseur?” he inquired. “Is he quieting down to a robbed man's best philosophy?”

“Poor little fellow!” Mr. Vernon answered. “He cries for his jewels as a mother cries for her lost children.”

“What is he going to do?”

“I don't know; no more does he; but I should not like to be the man that robbed him. He is little, but he is as deadly as a viper and as persistent as time itself.”

Something in Mr. Vernon's voice and manner, as he said this, suggested to Fairfax that there was a meaning between the words; but the truth was that Mr. Vernon's thoughts were not on Vasseur and his troubles. Uppermost in his mind was a shadow of what the war might bring to him and his. Not that he had any cowardly fears; but there had been matters connected with his early career which rendered the probabilities of his falling into the hands of the English a thing not to be regarded without unspeakable dread. He knew enough about military science to be well aware of the defenseless condition of New Orleans in the presence of such a fleet and such an army as the British government might be able to send there. Now the news that came to him from one in high connection with the government indicated that a strong fleet and an army overwhelming in numbers would probably soon be in front of New Orleans and under command of a distinguished British officer. What would be the result? It seemed to him that there could be but one answer: The city would fall, and the whole gulf coast would be ravaged.

He excused himself presently, with the plea that he had much to do in preparing for the departure for New Orleans, and went out.

Fairfax felt compelled, under the circumstances, to accept the hospitality of the Vernons during the rest of his stay, seeing that, since the burning of Vasseur's place, there was no other available alternative, and besides he could not muster up the slightest unwillingness in the matter. He was glad, indeed, with a genuine boyish gladness, and could not hide the pleasure his situation gave him.

Fairfax was bold to make the most of his surroundings; but Pauline, when she found herself for a moment alone with him under the vines of the rude veranda, suddenly felt an access of shyness not in the least characteristic, and shrank away from him, in spirit at least, taking refuge within that impenetrable close which is walled by the reserve of unaffected girlhood. He, however, was too happy to desire more than to be near her and see her, to feel that he formed a part of a picture with her, that they stood on the same plane and were outlined against the same romantic background; and to dream that perhaps they might go, side by side, through a long and happy future.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 36.]

THE SIBERIAN EXILES.*

BY COL. THOMAS W. KNOX,

Author of "Overland Through Asia," "The Boy Travellers," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IVAN BANISHED TO THE ARCTIC CIRCLE —HARTMANN'S EXPERIENCE.

DOCTOR SHULMANN and Ivan Pushkin formed a close friendship in the little town where they were domiciled together. As the *ispravnik* was on unpleasant terms with the doctor, the former very soon formed a dislike for the latter's young friend and kept a careful watch, in the hope of catching him in a violation of the rules, so that due punishment could be inflicted. Ivan was equally watchful to avoid giving an opportunity for complaint, and therefore carried out every regulation to the letter.

At noon every day he was required to report in person to the police. He was careful to time his movements so that he should be at the official bureau a few minutes before the designated hour, regardless of the weather or of any occupation in which he was engaged.

One day, while on his way to make his report, he was startled by an outcry of the the people on the street, combined with feminine screams. A horse attached to a *telyega* containing two women had become frightened and was running away, dragging the vehicle after him at a terrific pace. One of the women fainted and fell to the bottom of the *telyega*, and the other was screaming with all the power of her lungs.

As Ivan saw the horse approaching, he made ready to spring forward and seize the runaway by the bridle. He succeeded in catching the bridle and stopping the frightened animal, but he was severely bruised in accomplishing what he did, and his clothes were badly torn, as he was dragged for quite a distance and almost thrown under the wheels of the *telyega*. He assisted in lifting out the fainting woman and helping the other to the ground, and then he resumed his journey to the police-station.

He arrived several minutes past the hour when he should have reported. The *ispravnik* was in the police-office when Ivan arrived; and as the young man made his appearance, the official glanced at the clock and then at the clothing of the exile.

"You have violated the regulations," said the *ispravnik*, severely, "and it will be necessary to punish you."

"I have been delayed by a work of humanity," Ivan responded. "I was stopping a runaway horse and saving two women from possible death."

"A very plausible story!" said the *ispravnik*, in a sneering tone.

"It can be proved by several witnesses," the young man answered, "and I can also prove by them that my clothes were torn while I was clinging to the horse."

"Is there anything in the regulations that says an exile may stop runaway horses?" the *ispravnik* asked.

"There is nothing I am aware of that forbids it," Ivan replied.

"We will see about that," said the official. Then he turned to the regulations and pointed out a clause in section 24, in which administrative exiles are "forbidden to exercise any public activity."

Stopping a runaway horse in the principal street of a town in mid-day certainly requires an exercise of public activity, but it is doubtful if the framers of the code ever intended this particular clause to be interpreted as the *ispravnik* chose to construe it. Ivan suggested as much to the official, but was brought up sharply with an order to hold his tongue or it might be worse for him.

Silent but indignant he stood in front of the *ispravnik* and was glad when he was told to go. He went straight home and told Doctor Shulmann what had occurred.

"The scoundrel means mischief," said the doctor, "and you can now understand why I thought him capable of calling me to attend his sick child and then punishing me for violating the regulations. You will hear from him before many hours, or at all events as soon as he can communicate with the governor of the province."

Doctor Shulmann's prediction was verified. The *ispravnik* informed the governor that the exile, Ivan Pushkin, son of a political convict who had been sent to the Kara mines, was guilty of "pernicious public activity," and had sought to obtain undue influence over certain loyal subjects of the czar then residing in that town. His acts were "a menace to public peace and order" (section 28 of the regulations), and the *ispravnik* recommended that he be sent to reside in a Yakut village in the northern part of the province, beyond the arctic circle.

The governor acted upon the suggestion of the *ispravnik*, and in due time Ivan was exiled to the place which the *ispravnik* designated. Exile in a village of Siberian peasants is bad enough, but it is a hundred times worse among the Yakuts or Tungusians.

These are the aboriginal inhabitants of Siberia. They are mostly nomads or wanderers, moving from place to place to catch fish and fur-bearing animals and to find food for their reindeer, which constitute their only wealth. They live in *yourts*, or tents; the summer *yourt* is made of the skins of animals stretched upon poles, like the tents of the American Indians, while their winter *yourts* are built of logs, poles and earth, so that they bear a strong resemblance to tents. The summer *yourt* is entered at the side like an ordinary tent, but the winter *yourt* is entered through a hole in the roof, which serves alike for doorway and chimney.

Imagine a man of refinement sent to live among the lowest tribes of Indians on the Western plains of the United States, and the reader can have a fair idea of what exile must be among the Yakuts and Tunguse. And it was exile of this sort that had been decreed to an educated and refined young Russian for "exercising public activity!"

"Existence did not seem worth having," said Ivan; "and many times I seriously contemplated putting an end to it; only the thought of my parents and my brother and my sister caused me to stay my hand. The Yakuts had orders to keep me constantly in sight lest I might escape. Whenever I stepped out of doors I was followed, and not a moment was I allowed to be alone. In the *yourts*, I was obliged to mingle with the whole family, men, women, children and dogs. The air was stifling and foul, what with the lack of ventilation and the fires that were constantly burning in the middle of the circular space which formed the interior.

"Nothing but extreme hunger could induce me to eat of the native food, which was more repulsive than what was served to us at the *étapes* along the great road when we came to Siberia. When I could get raw fish, I ate it in preference to anything else, as it certainly had the merit of cleanliness; but when fish was not to be had, we lived upon the flesh of the reindeer. And it was the way of cooking this flesh that disgusted me and made me loathe my food.

"No part of the deer is wasted. They cook the flesh, entrails and feet in the same pot, and with them the half-digested moss that they find in the stomach of the deer. This moss they consider a special delicacy, while I always regarded it with horror. It reminded me of the old adage: 'There 's no accounting for tastes.'

"At first I was regarded with suspicion, but after a while established friendly relations with my custodians, as I learned something of their language. The head man of the little village was a decent sort of fellow and wanted me to instruct him so that he could read Russian. I would have done so gladly for the sake of occupation, had it not been for the requirement in the twenty-fourth article of the code, that administrative exiles must not engage in any kind of pedagogic work. To instruct a Yakut in the Russian alphabet would be a violation of the law, and I might be sent farther north, perhaps into the Arctic Ocean or to the pole. Who knows?

"I used to accompany the natives when they went to trap fur-bearing animals. Of course, there was nothing that I could teach them in the way of woodcraft, in which they are adepts; but there were some points in mechanics of which they were ignorant, and I was able to show them. Then I built a regular ladder for them, to use in descending through the roof into the *yourt*, in place of the notched stick to which they were accustomed. I planned a winter *yourt* which was something like a regular house, as it had a door for entering it, and there was a chimney opposite the door, so that the place was not filled with smoke. I wanted to put the door on the level of the ground, but to this they would not listen. I put it about half way up one side of the *yourt*, and made an entry or vestibule out of some reindeer skins, and then I made a sloping walk from the entry to the floor of the *yourt*, so that the ladder, in either its old or new form, was not required. In this way I secured the friendship of all of them, and especially of the old and infirm ones, for whom climbing was a matter of difficulty.

"They rewarded my efforts by giving me clothing like what they wore themselves. It was made of reindeer skin, and consisted of a shirt or frock of thin skin from which the hair had been scraped, trousers with the hair still on and worn outside, and a *kukhlankah*, or frock, which was put on over the head just like a civilized shirt and tied tightly around the neck. The trousers were kept in place by a wide thong around the waist, and I had boots made of deer-skin, the thickest part being used for the soles. When dressed in these garments, I looked very much like a native, and the people seemed pleased when I adopted their costume. I laid my old clothing away very carefully, to keep it safe against the time when I should be allowed to go back to live among the Russians again. I vowed that I would never show any more public activity by stopping a runaway horse, even if the *ispravnik* himself was in the *telyega* and in danger of having his neck broken.

"There was no mail communication with the place where I lived, and so there was no way in which I could send or receive letters. I had been consigned to the care of these natives 'until called for,' as a parcel may be left in a store-house, and nobody could tell when I might be wanted by my masters, the police. All they knew was that I might be sent for at any time, and they were bound to deliver me alive or give conclusive proof that I was dead. I formed a hundred different plans of escape, but never one that was practicable. In spite of the friendly terms that had been established between us, I was watched just as closely as ever and never was I permitted to go out of sight."

While Ivan was thus leading a life of deprivation, his friend Hartmann was passing a varied existence in the town to which he had been sent when they separated at Tomsk. He was under the same restrictions as those which controlled the movements and occupations of the administrative exiles whose condition we have studied, with the difference that his *ispravnik* was an intelligent and humane man, and not a brute and scoundrel like the one who sent Doctor Shulmann to prison for an act of humanity and secured Ivan's banishment to a sub-arctic village of aboriginals, in the manner described.

There were about twenty-five political exiles residing in the town, all of whom had been sent to Siberia, without trial, for terms varying from three to six years. They had not been charged with anything more serious than "untrustworthiness." One was a friend of a man who had been found to have a copy of a contraband book in his possession; another had asked at a bookseller's for a volume that had recently been placed under the ban of the censor, though it had formerly been allowed; a third was the younger brother of a man who had given a copy of *The Will of the People* to a police spy; a fourth was acquainted with somebody who was under surveillance; and a fifth was the owner of a house which he rented to a provision dealer, who was afterward said to be intimate with members of the revolutionary party. Several were in total ignorance of the causes which brought them to Siberia. They had repeatedly asked what were the charges against them, but had been unable to find out.

Some of the exiles received money from their friends, others were able to earn something through the kindness of the *ispravnik* who permitted them to engage in occupations which were really prohibited by the code; they were allowed to teach music, drawing, arithmetic, grammar and other matter that would not trench upon politics, provided there was always some one present to bear witness that there was nothing seditious in the instruction they gave. History and geography they were forbidden to teach, and the same rule applied to political economy and certain branches of natural and other philosophy.

Several exiles supported themselves by manual labor in addition to receiving the monthly allowance of six rubles from the government, a sum that was totally inadequate to their wants. There were two young married women who accompanied their husbands into exile, two others were married women who had themselves been exiled, and in the same category were two girls, each under eighteen years of age, who had been sent to Siberia from the boarding-schools where they were being educated. What a frail structure must be the empire of the czar when it is imperiled by two school-girls yet in their teens!

At the suggestion of Hartmann, the exiles asked and obtained permission to cultivate a piece of government land just outside the town; and as he knew more about the practical work of the farmer than did any one else of the party, he was made the chief. The farm more than realized their expectations; they produced considerable quantities of garden vegetables which they sold in the market places or utilized for their own tables, and they had a goodly-sized field of grain. Altogether their lot was an easy one compared with that of many exile communities; they were on the best of terms with their *ispravnik*, gave him no trouble whatever and did not need to be watched. They gave him their word of honor that they would not take advantage of his leniency to run away; he accepted their promise, and only required that they should report in person twice each week at the bureau of the police. Even this regulation was not really enforced as he occasionally dropped in upon them when they were assembled in the evening and allowed them to consider his call as the equivalent of a personal report at the bureau.

They were allowed to receive books from their friends in European Russia, provided, of course, they were such as had been approved by the censor; they clubbed their books together, and, with the addition of some that had belonged to former exiles and some that were presented by the officials or residents of the town, the exiles' library numbered nearly three hundred volumes. Among the works in the library were Darwin's "Descent of Man," Shakespeare's plays, novels by various American, English, French and German authors, Macaulay's "History of England," Grote's "History of Greece" and several histories of Russia by native authors. More than half the number of books were in Russian, but all the principal languages of Europe were represented.

The exiles had little use for the "underground mail," as their letters were not under rigid surveillance either going or coming, but occasionally they wished to write about matters that they were not willing to pass under an official eye, no matter how friendly it might be. At such times they had recourse to the "underground," and their communications came and went safely. They had not been required to make any promise concerning their correspondence and therefore were violating no stipulation.

But this comparatively arcadian form of banishment could not last. In some way news was conveyed to the authorities at St. Petersburg that the kind-hearted *ispravnik* was robbing exile of its terrors and turning it into something actually enviable. This was contrary to the will of the czar and his ministry, and forthwith an order was issued for the removal of the *ispravnik* to a place where there were no exiles and the appointment of one who would take care that the law was properly enforced.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A CHANGE OF RULERS—THE MINES OF KARA AGAIN.

The blow fell without a moment's warning. One day a new *ispravnik* arrived and exhibited his commission to him of the tender heart, together with an order for the latter to leave as soon as he could close his affairs, and proceed to take possession of his new post.

The new arrival was to assume command

Continued on page 9.

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BLESSED HOURS OF REST.

The sultry days of summer bring with them some sweet joys which sterner winter never knew and therefore cannot give. Is it not in such hours we learn *there is a profit in doing absolutely nothing ;* that the end of life is rest and "daylong blessed idleness" as well as work?

The prodigious toiler in the counting-house, store and bank at last becomes a "knight of lethargy;" and, because he has worked so hard, he relishes with keen, voracious zest, the long-looked-for vacation in country woods or by the murmuring sea. Such a man has no need to be ashamed and every reason to be proud of his repose. To the laborer rest is sweet. JOHN RUSKIN, greatest word-painter of the English-speaking peoples, loves to lie full-length in fragrant grass and cherish his best, purest thinking there; "only," adds he, very sympathetically, "if it be afternoon, I generally go to sleep." SPURGEON prolonged his life by sojourning near the sunny seas of France. CHARLES KINGSLEY said that sleep was his favorite amusement. No wonder he was such a battery of energy. And ROBERT BROWNING writes with JOHN WESLEY in recommending sleep (blessed be the man that first invented it, as SANCHO PANZA says!) to be the great doctor for many burdensome ills. Good reader, do not allow books to be a pest and peril during your summering. A favorite poet, an old-time serial or a cherished novel is as much as any seeker for recreation should dare to venture upon.

If you can enter into the full communion with out-door life, with the song of the birds, the whisper of the breezes and the babbling of the trout-stream, why read books? Goodness, man! *Take nature at first hand.* Her vivid beauty makes a book absurd. What beside the real world is any written word? No, keep your volumes until the snow-storm is released from its cage in the north; then, by the cheerful glow of lamp and fire, read them and meditate therein.

But in these long, sweet days, from dawn's pale glance through noon's fierce glare and when the day steals off into the west and the stars come out over the hills yonder, I protest I will read only a little, and that for pure pleasure.

"Let me now read the grain-field and the tree ;
Let me read my own heart, deep as I can see."

Take notice that this little homily is for workers—aye, for *overworked ones.* Hours of idleness mean to such, in this exacting age, life, power, productiveness, lucidity. Men driven like pack-horses, and women, too, for nine months in the year, imperatively demand that which God gave to his faithful but over-taxed prophet ELIJAH: forty days amid the ministries of nature, the gurgling of the brooks, the scented raiments of a summer-clad earth. Go a-fishing, as did DANIEL WEBSTER, while his great brain revolved sentences which caught more men than he did fish, and learn to do your best work by resting.

Take the long, solitary walk, which is, after all, the prince of exercises, such as WORDSWORTH took until some deemed him a peddler.

If one can afford it and feels at home in the saddle, what a treat is the rush through balmy morning upon some gallant horse! How the cheeks flush and the eyes sparkle, while the blood steals into itself new life and energy from the purity around! Our dear old land is full of choice spots for all these sports and pastimes. True, we get a sizzling heat, which can make life very burdensome at times. But are we not provided with ample means of protection? The great continent stretches its rivers, lakes, mountains in one vast panorama before us and says; "Come! Here are repose, shelter, refreshment!"

◆

GO TO THE ANT.

When SOLOMON held up the ant as an example to the people, he probably knew far more of the whys and wherefores of his sayings than those immediately about him, or, indeed, many of those even to the present day who read his words, have ever suspected. While every form of life has its wonderfully interesting features, there is in the life and conduct of the ant much which challenges our admiration and respect as well as excites our curiosity and astonishment.

Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, who is considered as the best living authority on the habits and peculiarities of these interesting small folk, has recently given some wonderfully interesting accounts of their doings, and relates incidents which go to prove the previous statements of writers on this subject, and show that the ant is possessed of reasoning powers, or that which serves the same purpose, and which places them second only to mankind in the scale of intelligent management of their individual and general affairs. Ants seem to be as varied in their ways and customs as are people, and different tribes, grades, classes and localities show the most marked contrasts in the fashion of living and conducting their special concerns. The ant is usually held up to the school-boy and mankind in general as an example in the way of industry and economy, and as such is certainly a bright and shining light. As an agriculturist, the ant is a model. It cultivates the ground, plants seeds of various sorts, tends the plants with unvarying care and patience, harvests the crop when in suitable condition, cures it and transports it to storehouses prepared for the reception of the winter's supply of food. It is rare, indeed, that these storehouses are built where water can affect them, but if this happens, and any unusual storm or inundation occurs, there is great consternation in the community. If it is possible to stop the ingress of water, this is done immediately. When clear weather comes again, the grain is taken to the open air, thoroughly dried, assorted, cleaned and prepared for restorage. The warehouses meanwhile have been cleaned by other workers, and if their builders, architects and civil engineers approve, they are repaired, otherwise they are abandoned and new ones are constructed.

Certain sorts of ants hold slaves, and exact tasks of them, with overseers who encourage them to work, and punish the delinquent and disobedient. To secure these slaves, they make wars on adjacent tribes and take the defeated armies as captives. The prisoners, as a rule, are docile and obedient, and go to work under their new masters with as much alacrity as they aforetime displayed about their own concerns. Their adaptability is one of the curious features of the case. They seem to forget that they know other conditions, and at once fall into the ways of their new associates. There are, according to the same eminent authority, ants in Mexico which cultivate the soil and plant beds of mushrooms, which they grow for their own tables, as it were. They keep milch cows, which are aphides of a certain sort. These they protect, watch over and tend with the most assiduous care.

Their civil engineering is a marvel. Their roadways, tunnels, causeways, walls and fortifications are of such extent that it would seem impossible that such tiny creatures could accomplish such herculean tasks. In the building of their houses and their provisions for comfort during severe weather they exhibit the most marked intelligence, so much, indeed, that many valuable hints might be taken from their methods.

And they, with all of their industry, do not confine themselves strictly to labor. They apparently work on the idea that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy; therefore, they have their regular amusements, which they go about with a system and gravity which are as interesting as they are amusing. They play games with actors and lookers-on, the same as grown-up folks. They have sham battles, wrestling and playing, romping and disporting themselves in various ways.

Like mankind, they live on the products of their flocks and herds and their agricultural resources, which they care for and manage with almost as much good sense and judgment as are displayed by the members of the human family in the conduct of their most important concerns.

◆

THE DANGERS OF DUST.

The dust of our public streets is really matter endowed with infectious properties. The germs of malignant disease are to be found in the filth we tread beneath our feet. The bacilli of tuberculosis will live on a sidewalk or in a gutter for three months; of typhoid, a month; of cholera, twenty days; of diphtheria, fifteen days.

Doctors have asserted that these parasites perish rapidly when thus exposed to the atmosphere, but the above facts, collated from eminent scientific sources, completely refute their statement. And it should be observed that these street infections are daily and hourly renewed.

It is a phenomenon which seems to authenticate this view that our easterly winds, which pulverize and scatter street dust in all directions, constantly bring with them catarrh, bronchitis, pneumonia and *la grippe.* The latter always increased when the gales blew from this direction, and there was a corresponding decrease after squalls from the west.

How, then, can we best diminish the dangers of dust? An imperative demand upon common sense is that all processes which tend to disturb it and cause people to inhale it or bear it away upon their clothes should be at once ended. The fashion of wearing dresses which serve as street brooms is worthy of nothing but condemnation. It simply ends in placing upon a person's lungs that which should disappear down the nearest sewer.

The same applies to our present methods of street sanitation. Streets, says Doctor MANFREDI, of Naples, should be washed down with water, and water rendered antiseptic by some inexpensive infusion.

It is time to take a bolder flight in these directions. Infectious maladies have recently had a greater hold than for several years past. And these observations attack a great source of public danger.

◆

FRIENDSHIP.—All attachments subside after a time but such as are founded on the solid basis of congenial tastes, dispositions and pursuits. We look back with anguish on many things, but on none with such bitterness of heart as on the unkindness of those who were once kind. Real friendship is no common blessing. Love is but a more agreeable modification of selfishness. When its object ceases to give pleasurable sensations, love takes its rapid flight; but friendship, sublime friendship, outlives deformity, age and disease.

A UNIQUE CELEBRATION AT BRATTLEBORO'.

About the year 1850, there was started, in the little village of Brattleboro', in the southeastern corner of Vermont, a small factory for the manufacture of organs. The yearly output was about seventy-five instruments, and these were sold by the manufacturer, Jacob Estey, who acted as his own superintendent, book-keeper, salesman and travelling-agent. This was the origin of the Estey Organ Company, which has just celebrated, in Brattleboro'—now transformed by the growth of this enterprise—the manufacture of the two hundred and fifty thousandth instrument. From a yearly production of seventy-five instruments the output has increased to eighteen thousand per annum. The old factory of 1850 has been supplanted by eight large buildings, each one of which is four times as large as the original one. The number of people employed in various capacities has increased a hundred fold. Nor has the quality of the instruments produced failed to keep pace with the higher demands of the musical public. They meet every requirement of the most exacting musical taste. In place of the plain, square, unpaneled and unornamented box cases, made from 1850 to 1866, the styles are now more than one hundred in number and comprise every variety of design from the ordinary school and chapel organ to the elaborate and costly instrument made to mark and signalize the culmination of this great industry. Every article used in the manufacture of this beautiful instrument is produced from the raw material in the workshops of the Estey Organ Company. If ever the maxim, "Despise not the day of small beginnings," received an emphatic stamp of approval, it has received it in the origin, growth and present grand proportions of this splendid enterprise—an enterprise which is intimately connected with the progress of the people in education, refinement, wealth as well as in musical culture and religious sentiment.

Even more than the piano the organ represents the popular and collective musical taste of the community, as the organ is the instrument of churches and assembly halls wherever music is an integral part of the popular entertainment or ceremony. In its rich, formal and majestic tones it gives form to popular aspirations and feeling unequaled by any other invention of man. It is because it has met this want that the business of manufacturing the Estey organs has become a national one and its fame has spread to all quarters of the world, and its instruments are carried by every steamer leaving our shores and by the railroads to every nook and corner of our country. Jacob Estey, the founder, died in 1890. Associated with him were his son, Col. Julius J. Estey, and his son-in-law, Col. Levi K. Fuller, who is at present the Republican candidate for the governorship of Vermont. Men who have grown up in the company's service have charge of all of its leading agencies and are at the head of all departments of its factories. The policy of the company has been liberal in the extreme, and this celebration was the occasion of exhibiting the harmony existing between the company and those employed by it and the high esteem in which its officers and principals are held. The Governor of Vermont, who graced the occasion by his presence, in speaking of the relations of the company to the business standing of the State, paid the following tribute to its founder:

"As early as 1869 I was associated with Jacob Estey as a member of our House of Representatives. It was there that I first learned to respect and appreciate his unassuming modesty, his sound judgment, his keen perception, his sterling integrity and, especially, the breadth of his grasp in all matters on which he was called to pass. As an organizer and in point of executive ability, he was one of the ablest and most successful managers of large business enterprises in this country. It will be conceded, I think, that this lovely village owes a large measure of the material prosperity she has enjoyed for the last third of a century to the Estey-organ industry. But the advancement of Brattleboro' has not been merely in population and wealth; there has been a notable vigor in her moral, educational and religious growth as well. Her beautiful homes, her fine schools and her numerous churches have made her a model New England village. And who that gives to the cause of this prosperity even a passing consideration can fail to intimately associate therewith the name of Jacob Estey?"

THE SIBERIAN EXILES.

Continued from page 7.

immediately, and he did so within twenty-four hours of his arrival. The rumor quickly spread among the exiles, and they were greatly alarmed on hearing it. That evening, they met at the house where four of them lived; and it will readily be understood that the change which was likely to affect them very deeply was the only subject of conversation.

Their forebodings were gloomy, as they knew that their *ispravnik* was of a type not often found in Siberia. They surmised that the removal had been made on account of his kindness to them, and this thought touched them to the heart.

While they were discussing his merits and hoping, though against hope, that his successor might resemble him, there was a knock at the door. It announced the coming of their friend whose sorrow was as great as theirs at being obliged to go away. But military orders, the world over, leave no discretion to him who is ordered, and it was idle to think of securing a modification of the action of the government.

"I come to say farewell," said he, "and, before leaving, I want to express my appreciation of your uniformly good conduct. I believed that you were honorable men and women; the extent of your complicity in political troubles was no affair of mine, but whatever views you may entertain on the subject of the government of Russia does not debar you from being honest and upright. I have sought to treat you kindly, trust to your honor, and do everything in my power to enable you to support yourselves. I shall give you a thoroughly good character to my successor, and hope that he will continue the policy which I have found so satisfactory."

Then one of his auditors spoke a few words of farewell, which drew tears from nearly all eyes in the room. Every one realized that he was saying good-bye to one who had shown himself their friend, although he had not the slightest trace of sympathy with revolutionary ideas, and his loyalty to the imperial crown could not be questioned.

With a warm clasp of the hand for each one of that sorrowing party, the *ispravnik* left the house and returned to his own residence. The next morning he was the *ispravnik* of ——— no longer.

He kept his promise to the exiles by giving them a thoroughly good character to his successor. He told how he had treated them, how they had acted with most scrupulous honor in all their relations with him, how they were liked by the citizens, and the enterprise they had shown in various ways.

"Should you carry out the same policy," said he, in closing, "I am entirely sure that you will never regret it. It will save you a great deal of trouble in governing them, to have them do the most of the governing so far as they are concerned, without requiring any help from you."

The other made a non-committal reply, and said he could not settle upon any policy until he thoroughly understood the situation. But for the present he would leave matters unchanged, or, at any rate, as far as he could do so consistent with the orders he had received.

He did leave them unchanged for a whole week. The exiles began to believe that they would really be allowed to live as before and that their forebodings were idle. They were congratulating themselves to this effect, when one day they received notice that the regulations concerning persons living in administrative exile would be rigidly enforced. No exile would be allowed to give instruction of any kind, and, therefore, they must abandon the lessons which were bringing them remuneration. Those that were cultivating government-land must abandon that employment, and if they wished to labor as agriculturists they must hire themselves to peasants who might need their services. The cultivation of land as a speculative enterprise, such as they had undertaken, was nowhere sanctioned by the code, and must be given up at once.

Sad was the meeting of the exiles on the evening after the promulgation of this order, and it was rendered doubly sad by reason of the buoyant hopes they had entertained when an entire week elapsed without any intimation of a change in their situation.

It was evident that the new *ispravnik* intended to construe the code against the exiles rather than in their favor when there was any opportunity for doubt. Their former ruler had said: "You can do anything that you are not forbidden to do, and you may do some forbidden things provided you do them in such a way as to leave no possibility for harm." The new ruler said, substantially: "You can do nothing that is not specially sanctioned by the code; wherever it is silent upon any point, you are prohibited."

They addressed a respectful letter to the *ispravnik*, in which they referred to his predecessor regarding their conduct; they called attention to the manner in which they had given instruction so that, supposing them to have been disposed to evil, they were powerless to commit any wrong. They referred to the cultivation of the land and said they had carefully read the regulations and could not find that it was forbidden. They prayed to be allowed to continue in the same occupations as before and promised that they would guarantee, each for all and all for each, that the most perfect order and obedience would prevail among them.

The letter was returned to them with the word "Impertinent!" written in large letters across its face.

From this time on, their existence was one of misery. The *ispravnik* exercised his ingenuity to devise means to make their life wretched by humiliating them as much as possible. They were ordered to report to the police twice every day; they were visited at all hours of the night; were forbidden to have curtains upon their windows, so that the officers or soldiers might be able to look in at any time they chose, and they were obliged to account for every hour of their time whenever the *ispravnik* chose to ask them what they were doing. The sleeping-rooms of the women were not exempt from intrusion on the part of the officers.

"They required our neighbors to keep an eye upon us," said Hartmann, "and to report all our movements. Not content with this, the officers and soldiers listened at our doors, looked in at our windows, both day and night, and occasionally they posted sentinels with orders to allow no one to enter or leave the house until morning. When several of us met together to spend the evening, we would find ourselves compelled to stay all night, and during our absence from our quarters they were carefully searched.

"If the searches had been decently conducted, they would not have been of serious consequence, setting aside the humiliation of our being thus under surveillance. But it seemed as though the police were instructed to make the searches as troublesome as they could, for they overturned everything, scattered our books and other belongings on the floor, tore open every parcel, upset our beds and left the place in as much confusion as though it had been visited by burglars with plenty of time at their disposal. At nearly every visit we missed some trifling things—trifling in themselves, but very dear to us, who had so little that we could call our own."

Under these circumstances, the exiles determined to send a petition to the governor of the province, setting forth the conditions under which they were living, and asking that they should be relieved from the petty annoyances that have been mentioned. They repeated the guarantees they had already offered to the *ispravnik*, and referred to the fact that his predecessor had never found occasion to complain of them or place them under punishment.

While they are awaiting his response to their appeal, we will return to the mines of Kara. We will remark that the governor's reply gave them no opportunity to hope for an improvement in their condition.

Soon after the hunger-strike among the men at Kara ended, the woman-convicts (all politicals) were transferred to a prison several miles away. They were marched out early one morning, after a notice of only a few minutes, barely sufficient to enable them to pack up the few trifles and comforts in their possession. The wind from the north was bitterly cold, and when they reached their destination, some of them were more dead than alive.

They had hoped that the prison to which they were sent would be more comfortable than the one they left behind, but great was their disappointment when they found it worse. The floors were rotten and broken, the walls were dripping wet and covered here and there with thick mildew, the place swarmed with vermin, and the space allotted to the prisoners was smaller than in the other prison. Some of the women sat down and cried in true feminine fashion or threw themselves on the dirty platforms and vented their grief in loud lamentations. But others set their teeth firmly in their despair, and gave an example for the others, by enduring without a murmur what was forced upon them.

The food supplied to the prisoners was in keeping with their surroundings; it was scanty in quantity, wretched in quality and very badly prepared. The service of the prison was performed by soldiers who could enter the *kameras* at any time without warning; to the credit of the soldiers, be it said, they were less rude than the officers who commanded them, and very often showed that their lack of education and their rough exterior had not deprived them of sympathy for the unfortunates under their charge.

A few days after their arrival at the prison, the women were notified that they must lay aside their own garments which they had been permitted to wear, and return to the costume of convicts.

Some of the women were so ill that they were unable to stand, others did not believe the order would be enforced, and therefore did not make the change when the convict-clothing was brought to them. Their conduct was considered rebellious, and the commandant proceeded to measures that would reduce them to submission.

CHAPTER XXX.

A WOMAN FLOGGED TO DEATH—AN INSURRECTION AND ITS RESULTS.

About nine o'clock, one evening, the *kameras* of the women were entered by several soldiers under the command of a lieutenant. Several of the women were asleep, and nearly all were lying on the sleeping-platforms, some in their night-clothing, others in their own day-garments, and two or three in the prison garb which they had donned in obedience to orders.

Those who had put on the convict-dress were told to remain where they were; the others were ordered to rise and deliver up their own clothing at once.

Several obeyed, as they saw that resistance would be useless; some cried and became hysterical, and others did not move, either on account of their inability to stand or out of a determination not to submit to the humiliation.

"Come!" said the officer. "There must be no further nonsense. Unless you get up at once, you 'll be helped."

"Leave us for ten minutes," said one of the women, "and give us a chance to make the change."

"Not a minute or a second!" was the gruff reply. "Get up at once!"

No one moved. Then the lieutenant took a list from his pocket and read four names of prisoners who were under the surgeon's care and against whom the order would not be immediately enforced. There remained three who refused to don the prison dress in the presence of the officer and soldiers, though they all said they would do so if left alone until morning.

Refusal to obey a specific order of this kind was "mutinous conduct," and could not be permitted with safety to the imperial dynasty. Then the officer proceeded to do as he had been instructed.

At his command, two of the soldiers seized one of the women by the arms, dragged her to her feet and into the passage-way outside of the *kamera*. She was clad only in her night-dress; her own clothing had been spread above her, and it dropped to the floor as she was lifted up.

"Take her to the commandant's room," the officer ordered.

The woman screamed, but no heed was paid to her screaming. She was dragged, wearing only her night-gown, along the corridor and into the commandant's office. The lieutenant followed with the rest of the soldiers, and as he entered the presence of his superior, he made a military salute and signified that he had followed instructions.

The woman's only garment was then stripped from her by the soldiers, and a convict's dress was thrown over her shoulders. She struggled and resisted, but her strength was nothing compared to that of the Cossacks who were doing the bidding of the brute wearing epaulets, the commandant, or director, of the prison.

"How many more have you who refuse?" queried the commandant.

"Two," answered his subordinate, again making the military salute.

"Take this one back and bring them along," was the order which followed. "We'll have no more sentimental nonsense about this business."

The lieutenant departed to carry out his instructions. By the time he reached the *kamera*, the other women had donned the prison costume, knowing that unless they did so they would be submitted to the same outrage as the one they had just witnessed.

Bear in mind that these prisoners were not untutored savages, accustomed to scanty apparel and having very crude notions in regard to modesty. All were refined women of good families, well educated, accustomed to good society in European Russia, gentle in birth and breeding and with sensibilities of the highest type. Two were the wives of officers in the army, two were the wives of lawyers, one was the daughter of a prominent physician in Moscow, and another the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Odessa. One had trod the boards of the imperial opera-house as a *prima-donna* of song; another bore a high reputation as a *soubrette*, and others were school-teachers, thoroughly educated for the duties of their profession. These were the women who were treated by brutal soldiers in the manner described.

Madam Soluzeff, the victim of this official outrage, was dragged back to her *kamera* and flung senseless on the sleeping-bench whence she had been taken. All night she lay in a swoon, out of which she was occasionally roused only to scream hysterically and swoon again. Her grief-stricken companions endeavored to soothe her, but without avail. In the morning she recovered and began to talk incoherently, and it was soon apparent to her friends that her mind had given way under the terrible strain.

The doctor was called, and after hearing the account of how she had passed the night, he administered an opiate. Under its influence she fell off into a heavy sleep. He came again at noon, administered another dose of the same drug, and said he thought that when she recovered from its effects her mind would be in its proper state.

His prognostication was incorrect. She did not recover. Her intellect was blotted out forever, and her physical system had undergone such a shock that she was unable to rise to her feet. She was carried to the hospital, and four days later she was a corpse. Doubtless the protectors of the imperial throne breathed more freely when they learned that Madam Soluzeff, exiled for life because she was a member of a "circle for self-instruction," where liberal views were occasionally discussed, was no more.

In the *kamera* with Madam Soluzeff, at the time the order to don the apparel of the convict was issued, there was a married woman named Shihida. She was twenty-seven years of age, a vivacious, excitable and, withal, a brilliant personage, the daughter of a merchant of Taganrog. Her education was obtained at the gymnasium in that city, and after passing the examinations with high honors, she became a school-teacher in Taganrog. One who knew her describes her as a brunette, of medium size, with a thoroughly Russian physiognomy and a pair of large, black eyes that fascinated every one with their powers of penetration and the look of intelligence which lay within them. The same friend says she was so excitable in her character that she was often called a bundle of nerves. She was an idealist, who demanded the most unswerving adherence to principle, and would allow no excuse for a deviation from it; and this adhesion to principle she demanded in the most trivial matters as well as in affairs of the greatest importance. Whenever a promise of any kind was broken, she accepted no explanation and never granted forgiveness.

Such a woman is certain to have possessed liberal ideas, and it is no surprise that she fell under suspicion and was sent to Siberia because of her frankly avowed belief that the affairs of the empire required improvement. She was transported to the Kara gold-mines, whence she would be sent to the north as a forced colonist, at the expiration of her term of penal servitude.

When the order to don the prison clothing was issued, she was one of the first to refuse, and she persisted in her refusal up to the time when Madam Soluzeff was dragged out in the manner we have described. She was one of the two left behind by the lieutenant, and it was only by the earnest entreaties of her companions that she was induced to put on the hated garments. She did so under protest, and declared that she would not wear them many days. What her plan was she refused to say, but bided her time for action.

A few days later, she violated one of the minor rules of the prison, and was taken to the office of the commandant for reprimand and punishment. While the commandant was reprimanding her and using most abusive language, she stepped suddenly in front of him and slapped him in the face.

She expected to be hanged for this infraction of discipline and had evidently planned her action with deliberation, though some of her friends think she struck the officer under an impulse of indignation at his insults. The commandant was determined not to let her off by the usual method of execution but ordered that she should be flogged. He sentenced her to receive one hundred blows of the *plet*, the "humane" substitute of the Russians for the knout.

She was sent to a solitary cell and not allowed to communicate with her companions. The next day the flogging took place in the prison-yard. A woman was flogged with the *plet* by command of an officer of the imperial forces of Russia, in his presence and in that of the other officers of the garrison.

No, all the other officers were not present. The prison surgeon would not certify that Madam Shihida was in proper physical condition to enable her to be flogged without danger to life, and when told that the flogging would take place without his professional certificate he refused to be present. The commandant threatened to place him under arrest, but he persisted and said he would prefer to be court-martialed for disobedience of orders rather than appear to sanction the affair by witnessing it.

Madam Shihida was brought to the commandant’s office from the cell where she had passed the night alone. She was weak from the poor food and the wretched condition under which she had been living, but her step was firm, and she offered no resistance until the soldiers began stripping the clothing from her back; then she struggled and resisted, she fought with all the strength of desperation, but was soon overpowered, and her body was bared to the waist.

Her long, black hair streamed loosely down her shoulders as she was half led and half carried by two Cossacks from the office of the commandant to the prison-yard where the soldiers and officers were drawn up in line to witness one of the most revolting spectacles known to this last half of the nineteenth century.

In the center of the square of soldiers a blanket had been spread on the ground. On this blanket the woman was thrown, face downward; four soldiers held her limbs to prevent her struggling, a fifth held her head, and then the commandant gave the order for the executioner to begin.

The supple birch cut a deep furrow into the tender flesh at the first blow, and as each strike fell other furrows were made, until the woman’s back was a mass of gore. The flesh quivered, the body shuddered convulsively, and the first half-dozen blows were followed by screams from the victim who could not unflinchingly endure the horrible pain. But after a short time she was silent and with good reason, for she had fainted and was no longer aware of the punishment she was receiving.

The hundred blows were given, and then the executioner stayed his hand. The insensible body was lifted to a stretcher, a cloak was thrown over it, and the men carried the burden to the hospital. The surgeon did all in his power to restore Madam Shihida to consciousness, but his efforts were of no avail.

The flogging took place on Wednesday morning. She never recovered from the shock, though she continued to live until Friday morning, when her last breath was drawn. She found the death that she deliberately sought, though not in the form in which she sought it.

When her fate became known among her late companions in misery, four of them committed suicide by poison. Two others took poison with the same intent but were saved through the efforts of the surgeons.

Then the women organized a hunger-strike which lasted seventeen days. During the last days of the strike they were saved from death by the forcible administration of food by the surgeons, but they persistently refused to take food voluntarily until the odious edict forbidding them to wear their own clothing was recalled.

Of course the report of the occurrences in the women’s prison was carried to the male prisoners very speedily. It caused great excitement and indignation, and the anger of the men ran to such a height that some lost control over themselves and attacked their guards. An attack upon the guards could hardly terminate other than in defeat, as it was without any preparation or previous plan and was made under excitement. Some were shot down, and the rest were pounded with the butt-ends of rifles, stabbed with bayonets or otherwise subdued. The *boont*, or insurrection, was soon over, and the commandant telegraphed an exaggerated account of it to his superiors, in which he represented it to be an affair that was long contemplated and prepared for.

In consequence of the “insurrection,” the draft for the Free Command was stopped, and orders came to the commandant to distribute the political prisoners in small parties among the gangs of criminal convicts in the various mines of the Kara district.

The command was carried out, and brutally, too. The next morning the prisoners were ordered out before breakfast, and immediately marched away in leg-fetters to their destination. They protested against the cruelty of compelling them to go on the road without food, and asked the commander of their escort to allow them to rest on the road-way long enough to obtain and eat something. This request was refused, and the men were prodded with the bayonets of their guards; this angered them so, that they picked up stones and attacked the soldiers; as might be expected. the latter made quick use of their weapons, shooting two or three of the prisoners and knocking down others who resisted. Further resistance was rendered impossible by tying every prisoner’s hands behind his back, and in this plight they finished their journey. Starving, bruised, bleeding and weary, they reached their destinations among the criminal convicts.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 36.]

NEVA’S THREE LOVERS.*

BY MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

Author of “Her Double Life,” “Beryl’s Husband,” “Edith Trevor’s Secret,” etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LALLY AND MRS. WROAT.

THE simple and business-like announcement of her name, by Mrs. Blight’s young governess to Mrs. Blight’s eccentric guest, produced a sensation as startling as unexpected to Lally. Mrs. Wroat uttered a strange exclamation and leaned forward on her staff, her black eyes staring at the young girl in a piercing gaze, her hooked nose and her chin almost meeting and her shriveled lips mumbling excitedly an inaudible whisper. The old lady’s eagerness and agitation were shared by her maid, who stared at Lally with a wondering and incredulous gaze.

“Who—who did you say you were?” demanded Mrs. Wroat, as soon as she could speak, in cracked, hoarse tones. “*Who?*”

“I am Mrs. Blight’s governess, ma’am,” replied Lally, wonderingly, and concluding in her own mind that Mrs. Wroat’s eccentricities verged upon madness.

“Yes, yes; I know,” cried the old lady, impatiently. “But who are you?”

“Nobody, ma’am—only Lally Bird, the governess.”

“Ah-h!” said the old lady, in an odd, choked voice. “Lal-Lally Bird! Lord bless my soul, Peters!”

Mrs. Wroat looked at the young governess with such a queer snap in her eyes and such a glow on her sallow, withered face, that Lally involuntarily retreated a step toward the door.

“It ’s the young lady, ma’am,” whispered Peters, full of amazement. “Whatever does it mean? It ’s like magic or sorcery!”

“It means that our advertisement is already answered,” returned Mrs. Wroat, grimly. “Saved the post-office orders, Peters. I believe in advertising, Peters. We ’ve just seen the benefit of it.”

Lally retreated another step toward the door.

“If you please, ma’am,” she said, in a little fluttering voice, “I will come and play for you later—”

“No, you won’t!” interrupted Mrs. Wroat. “Now you are here, you ’ll stay here till I am through with you. Do you know who I am?”

Lally brought to her support a pretty, girlish dignity, which sat well upon her round, gypsy face.

“Yes, madam,” she answered; “you are Mrs. Wroat, the aunt of Mr. Blight.”

“Wrong. I am only his uncle’s widow. Come under the chandelier.”

Lally came forward hesitatingly and stood under the great chandelier where a dozen wax-candles burned mellowly from a forest of tall unlighted ones. The soft glow fell upon Lally’s face and figure. She was thin, and there was a tremulous anxiety on her features; but in her mourning dress, with a red flush on her dark cheeks, and a bright light in her velvety black eyes she was very pretty, with a dark gypsy beauty that seemed to startle Mrs. Wroat.

“The very image of poor Clara,” muttered the old lady, “and the very image of what I was at her age. There, Peters, if you want to see how I looked in my youth, look at that girl. Peters, give the girl that copy of the advertisement.”

The maid silently handed the slip of paper to Lally, who read it in deepening amazement.

“Is this an advertisement for me, madam?” she demanded. “I am Lally Bird. Are—are you ‘M. W.?’”

“Of ‘Mount Street, London?’” finished the old lady. “Yes, I am ‘M. W.’—Maria Wroat.”

“And you were about to advertise for *me*, madam? I—I don’t understand. Or, is there some other Lally Bird?”

“No danger of that,” said Mrs. Wroat. “There were never two women in this world so silly and moonstruck as your mother—never two women who named their girls Lalla Rookh. Pah! What a name! But for fear your mother was not the only goose in the world who married a Bird, just answer me a few questions. What was your father’s name, and what was his business?”

“He was a corn-chandler in the city, and his name was John Bird,” answered Lally, quite bewildered.

“And what was your mother’s name before her marriage?”

“Clara Mulford Percy—”

Mrs. Wroat gave a queer little gasp, and her hands trembled, and she looked at her faithful attendant in a sort of triumph.

“Do you hear that, Peters?” she whispered. “Do you hear it, I say?” Then she added aloud: “Go on, girl. Who was your mother?”

“She was the daughter of a country gentleman who owned an estate in Hampshire. There were several children besides my mother, but they all died young and unmarried. The estate was entailed, and went to a distant relative. My mother married my father against the wishes of her friends and was disowned by them for her misalliance.”

“And very properly, too, I should say. If a girl chooses to descend from her proper rank in society, as a gentleman’s petted daughter, and take to living in a back-room behind a corn-chandler’s shop, she can’t expect her friends to follow her,” said Mrs. Wroat, with some energy. “And you were her only child?”

“Yes, madam.”

“Any relatives living?”

“No, madam. My mother died young. My father lived to give me a good education and then died insolvent, leaving me dependent upon my own exertions when I was less than sixteen years old. My father was a tradesman, humbly born, madam; but he was a gentleman at heart.”

“So poor Clary said. Humph! So you ’ve no relatives living, eh?”

“None whom I know, madam. The present holder of my grandfather’s estate in Hampshire is my distant relative, but he knows as little of me as I know of him; and—and—” added Lally, suddenly trembling, as if a suspicion of the truth were dawning upon her soul—“I have a great-aunt living in London—she was my mother’s aunt—who married a baronet. She is now a widow if she still lives. She must be very old.”

“About my age!” said Mrs. Wroat, her eyes snapping. “Just about my age. What was her name?”

“Her name was Maria Percy, when a girl. She was married many years before my mother was born, and she was my mother’s god-mother. I don’t know her married name. If I ever heard it I have forgotten it.”

“Then I ’ll tell it to you,” said the old lady. “Her present name is Maria Wroat. Her home is in Mount Street, London; and at this moment she sits before you, taking stock of you.”

Lally grew pale, and her black eyes opened to their widest extent.

“You—you my aunt?” she ejaculated.

“So it seems, my dear. I ’ve been searching for you for some time. And so you are Clara’s child? You may kiss me, if you want to, my dear.”

Lally approached the old lady with some hesitation and bestowed a kiss upon the proffered wrinkled cheek. Then she shrank back in a sort of affright, wondering at her own temerity.

“Sit down,” said the old lady, kindly. “I have a few questions to ask you, and on your answers depends more than you know of. Peters, don’t stare the poor child out of countenance. Girl, how old are you?”

“Seventeen years, ma’am.”

“And I ’m eighty—one of us at the beginning, the other at the end of life! Heigh-ho! And so you ’re governess here?”

Lally replied in the affirmative.

“No wonder you look sorrowful and pale and woe-begone!” muttered Mrs. Wroat. “To be governess of the young Blights is a horrible martyrdom. Don’t you think so? And isn’t it martyrdom to be under the orders of that odious, vulgar, garrulous Mrs. Blight? Hey?”

“When I came here,” said Lally, agitatedly, “I had no home on earth. I was out of money, out of clothes and utterly friendless. And so, madam, I am very grateful to Mrs. Blight for shelter and a home, and I cannot consider any service that gives me these a martyrdom.”

“Grateful, eh? What have you to be grateful for?” asked the old lady, cynically. “You have shelter and food, but you earn them, I ’ll be bound. You work early and late for the pitiful sum of forty pounds a year. That is what you get, is it not?”

“No, ma’am. I am young and inexperienced, and I needed the place so much, so I get but twenty pounds a year.”

“Bless my soul!” cried the old lady. “Because you needed the place so much, you get only half price! That is just like Laura Blight. How came you to be so friendless?”

“After my father’s death,” said Lally, “I taught music in the school in which I had been educated. The school broke up, the proprietors being advanced in life and being able to retire from labor, and I was thrown adrift. I was obliged to do anything I could get to do. I lived for some weeks or months with an old woman who was seamstress to a boys’ school, and when she died I was out of work again, and came down into Kent and worked in the hop-fields. I was so hungry—”

“Do you hear that, Peters?” interrupted the old lady, turning savagely upon her attendant, her bright black eyes beaded with tears. “Do you hear it, and sit there unmoved? She was hungry, while my servants flung away the dainties from my table, and I grumbled because they could not contrive newer delicacies to tempt my appetite. Hungry? Homeless? Friendless? Heaven be merciful to me! Hungry! Ah-h!”

“That is all past now, madam,” said Lally, softly.

“To begin again when Laura Blight chooses to send you packing! She is full of caprices, is Laura. You ’re not sure of a place here over night, unless her interest bids her keep you. How much money have you laid up?”

“Mrs. Blight advanced me five pounds, my first quarter’s salary, and I have eighteen shillings remaining,” answered Lally.

“Humph! Eighteen shillings between you and the union. Look me in the eye, Lally.”

The young girl obeyed, looking into Mrs. Wroat’s piercing eyes with a steady, honest, unflinching gaze, although the color fluttered in and out of her cheeks, as a bird flutters in and out of its cage.

“Have you ever done anything in your life of which you are ashamed?” asked the old lady, in a low, sternly anxious voice.

“No, ma’am,” answered the girl, truthfully, “I never have.”

“What do you think of her, Peters?” demanded Mrs. Wroat, turning to her maid and confidante.

The woman was crying behind her handkerchief. She had hard features, but her heart was warm and soft. She answered, sobbingly:

“I think, ma’am, as you ’d ought to take her and adopt her and make her your heiress—that ’s what I think, poor, pretty dear!”

“Shows your sense, Peters,” said Mrs. Wroat. “You ’re a woman of a thousand, Peters, and I ’ll double the annuity I ’m going to give you. Girl, come and sit here on the stool at my feet.”

Lally came forward and sat down as directed.

“I am alone in the world, except for my good old Peters,” said Mrs. Wroat, with a quiver of her pointed, upturned chin. “These people here think only of what they can make out of me—of the fortune they hope to inherit at my death. I am old and very near my end. I should like to leave my money to one of my own kindred and to one who would really mourn a little for me when I am gone. I ’m a queer old woman, Lally, full of notions, and so cross that any one but Peters would have given me up long ago; but, strange as it may seem, the good soul actually loves me. She ’s been in my service five and thirty years, and she ’s more a friend to me than a servant. Now, Lally, do you think you could ever love me? It ’s odd, I own, but even a dried-up old woman like me sometimes yearns to be loved.”

Her voice trembled, and tears brimmed over the bright black eyes, and her sharp features were convulsed in sudden emotion. She looked at Lally with a strange wistfulness and yearning, and Lally’s desolate, frozen soul thawed within her, and with a great sob she sprang up and threw her arms around her aged kinswoman and kissed her fervently and tenderly.

“I have no one to love,” whispered the girl, sobbing. “I would love you if you would let me.”

A paroxysm of coughing seized upon the old lady, and Lally shrank back affrighted into her seat. Peters patted her mistress gently on her back and gave her water to drink, and she soon recovered, sinking back upon her cushions, tired and panting.

“I am near the end, my dear,” she said

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FROM THE WORLD'S FOUR CORNERS.

BY HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

"A History of the Mormon War" is being prepared for presentation at the World's Fair by the Hancock County Women's Columbian Club of Illinois. A pickle-and-preserve firm of Philadelphia will exhibit a curious map of the United States, 18 x 24 ft., all made of pickles, vegetables and fruits. Lakes and rivers will be of vinegar; the large cities will be indicated by spices, and a single large sheet of plate-glass, now being made for the purpose, will cover and protect the whole. The expense of the entire exhibit will be about fifteen thousand dollars. During the month of June no less than ninety thousand visitors went through the Fair building in Jackson Park.

Mrs. John W. Foster, wife of the new Secretary of State, is an intimate friend of Mrs. Harrison, and will fill her new position with grace and dignity. She is rather short, of somewhat full figure, has a pleasant face and unobtrusive manners. Her maiden name was Mary Parke McPherson, and she first met Mr. Foster at her home in Salem, Indiana, when she was ten years old. She lays no claim to great learning, but she is a good linguist, understands Spanish, French and German, has translated a Russian story into English and written some notable papers on the antiquities of Mexico for the Woman's Anthropological Society of Washington, of which she is vice-president.

A Romantic Story attaches to a quantity of precious Gobelin tapestry woven to illustrate classical legends, which has recently been found in Turin. When Marguerite of France was married to Victor Amadeus of Savoy, she carried these twenty pieces of tapestry with her to Italy. When Napoleon invaded Italy, the priceless webs mysteriously disappeared. The two officials who had hidden them died, and no one could find the place of concealment when it was again safe to make use of them. After nearly a hundred years, they have recently been discovered in a secret chamber behind some chests in a store-room on the top-floor of the old palace.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, although decidedly middle-aged, made his first matrimonial venture only five years ago, and even his most intimate friends were not informed of his engagement until a week or two before the wedding. His wife was Miss Louise Whitfield, daughter of a well-known wholesale dry-goods merchant of New York, and she was an amiable, intellectual, though not beautiful, woman of twenty-seven at the time of her marriage. An elegant residence and twenty thousand dollars a year were Mr. Carnegie's present to his bride. The sister and the brother of Mrs. Carnegie are members of her household.

Cyrus W. Field presented his valuable collection of medals and paintings relating to the laying of the Atlantic cable to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, some months before his death. Among these treasures are the great gold medal presented to Mr. Field by Congress, in 1867, fragments of the Atlantic cable, six large oil paintings and forty-six water-colors illustrating the laying of the cable, the cross of the order of St. Mauritius, conferred by the King of Italy, and a fine portrait of Mr. Field, painted by Daniel Huntington. A special alcove of the museum will be devoted to the collection.

In a Recent Sermon, Professor Swing, of Chicago, called attention to the fact that women, who complain that men so often disregard their rights as citizens, have inaugurated a grand temperance movement and left men entirely out of it. He believes that in this, as in all other philanthropic and reformatory schemes, both should work together for the good of the community. Here is a question for the W. C. T. U. to consider.

Of Eighty-eight Members in the graduating class of one hundred and nineteen, at Wellesley College, thirty-four will teach this fall, twenty-five will stay at home, nine will continue their studies, two will marry, three will study medicine, three will become journalists, one will become her father's secretary, and one is to be a medical missionary, while the plans of a large number are in a delightfully uncertain condition.

"The Harvard Graduates' Magazine" is to send out its first issue in October. It proposes to furnish a field for the discussion of educational and other topics of interest to the university and to supply graduates all over the country with accurate information of the current events at the college, and so strengthen the bond between the institution and its alumni.

The peculiar Christian name of the democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency is found in the 29th verse of the 27th chapter of the first book of *Chronicles*, where it is written: "And over the herds that were in the valleys was Shaphat, the son of Adlai."

A fine bronze statue of a young girl with a pitcher in one hand, from which ice-water will flow, is being erected in Newport, Ky., by the W. C. T. U. of that place. Donors of drinking-fountains will please notice that *ice*-water is used in this instance.

Travelling by bicycle is each year becoming more popular. The Rev. C. W. Huntington, of Lowell, Mass., is but one of many professional men who are making the tour of Great Britain on the wheel this summer.

The Duke of Portland is under promise to his wife to devote all the money that he wins from the race-course to charity and has given $300,000 to that purpose since his marriage.

Miss Adeline E. Knapp is stock reporter for the San Francisco *Call*, and is said to resemble the late Miss Midy Morgan, of the New York *Times*, in her methods of work.

Correspondence

A Utopian Climate.—G. R. B. writes: "Where, within reasonable distance from New York city, can one find an even climate—where flowers and fruit may be grown the year round; where it is never *too* hot for comfort; where there are no mosquitoes or poisonous reptiles; where it will not cost *more* than fifty dollars for round-trip to New York; where living expenses are not excessive; where a person predisposed to consumption may hope to prolong his days; where there are good churches and schools; where it is near or on the sea-coast; where domestic servants may be had at slight cost; and, last but far from least, where there are no violent storms, endangering life or property, at any season of the year. I do not expect to find a paradise on earth, but I am looking for a desirable permanent home, with, if possible, the above advantages, where a man of moderate means, of quiet, somewhat studious disposition, and fond of out-door life, may enjoy and yet increase a modest capital. Will any part of Florida fit the above?" *Answer:* You require too many advantages. Some portions of Florida have most of the conditions you wish, notably the section in south Florida about midway between the Gulf and the Atlantic. That section has an equable climate, grown fruits and flowers the year around; is rarely too hot for comfort, as it is higher than the surrounding country and catches the remnants of the Gulf and the Atlantic winds; has few mosquitoes and keeps its poisonous reptiles under control; is reasonable in regard to living expenses; certainly prolongs the lives of consumptives; is provided with good churches and schools, and has many residents who removed from the North, and is out of the way of violent storms. The island of New Providence, in the Bahamas, the capital of which island is Nassau, is another place which has most of the advantages you call for. The Bermudas have some of the advantages.

Gardens in Dry Weather.—A Philadelphia correspondent who read, with much interest, the article on this subject in "The Woman's World" of the *Ledger* for August 20, writes: "The suggestions, in regard to watering flower-gardens are interesting; but almost anywhere, and specifically in localities where rain and water supply—besides copious dews—are not ample, there is a remedy rarely applied, viz: a deep, strong, mellow soil and 'capillary attraction.' Draining with tiles, thorough preparatory tillage and the addition of enough very gritty, coarse and fine sand, (granite, or vitreous basalt, if feasible) well mixed, will do this. Earth-worms subsequently will further assist the blending. Not a *thin* soil is advocated, but a good, sandy loam, naturally so, or approximating. Given the varieties of flowers and other ornamental plants preferred, the question arises what soil and aspect they need for thrift, so that the ground may by suitable treatment be fitted. 'Stirring' the soil, after planting, before nightfall, or rain, shading and mulching obviate much labor spent in watering, for the moisture and gases suspended in the atmosphere then readily enter gently. The store of moisture in genial ground does not waste by evaporation, and the roots, from the outset, tend to strike deeper into damp or cool and permeable substrata, than plants do if used to superficial and artificial refreshment. This is illustrated by young dwarf pear-trees in the nursery grounds, for they thrive only if the roots rest in a cool, aërated substratum rendered thus by thorough drainage. The average flower-garden is rather exacting. Moreover, the labor of stirring, shading and mulching is greatly less so, and not as often recurring, as the conventional watering, which frequently is overdone. Flowers, herbs, vines, shrubs, etc., will also last longer, look far better and be more delicately fragrant. Heavy soil tends to acidity and militates against sweet savor."

Uneasy Boys. (Anxiety.)—Before you find fault with your boys for their roving dispositions, why not look closely into your own conduct and see if you have made home sufficiently attractive to them. You cannot have home-loving sons and daughters unless you take pains to keep them. Provide books, amusements and subjects for thought and discussion and, if possible, plenty of music. Nothing is so effective in keeping a family together as music. There is another point and one of great importance: Make some arrangements so that the youngsters can earn a little spending-money of their own. It will not harm them, so long as they earn it, and it will teach them the uses of money—how to use it, how to spend it judiciously, how to save it, and what economy and frugality mean. Many a child is first driven away from home by the desire to have a few shillings or dollars that he can rightfully call his own.

How to Rest. (Weariness.)—Of course, one must learn to rest. Although this sentiment may sound absurd to many, there is a deep philosophy beneath its surface. Every woman should take at least half an hour every day for rest—complete, relaxed, uninterrupted rest, which only the most desperate emergency should be allowed to disturb; and it is not enough to sit down; one must rest upon a bed, lounge or cushions; even a hammock will not do. Every muscle must relax, and the mind must also be put in a condition for rest by banishing, as nearly as possible, all worrying or care.

"The Household of McNeil." (Mary.)—Mrs. Barr's story, "The Household of McNeil," is published in book form by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York city.

Being "Mannish." (Bessie.)—You say your friends object to your acquaintance with a certain young lady because she has such "mannish" ways. There is little to admire in "mannish" women, so called; but there seems to be a slight misapprehension regarding this term. The girl who laughs loudly, talks on the street so that she can be heard for a block or so, who dresses conspicuously and indulges in all sorts of antics and romping in public is not mannish but rowdyish, and the young or old man who does the same thing would not be spoken of as mannish or manly but boorish and rowdyish. Well-bred men are quiet in manner and avoid doing conspicuous and rude things. Good breeding demands the absence of all such demonstrations.

The Trials of Actors. (Drama.)—There are few professions where so much is risked for so little, as in the dramatic world. There are thousands of actors with the entire field of dramatic aspiration open to them. Ability is almost always recognized, and a rise from the ranks is not only possible but, to all intents and purposes, inevitable. And yet how few really good actors we see. If you are willing to put your pride away and your indolence, if you have any, and go on the stage in some ordinary capacity, you may stand some chance of becoming a star. If you wait to be starred you will probably die waiting.

The Use of Denim. (Little Maid.)—Denim is used for all sorts of upholstery and decorative purposes. A portelle for the door between the dining-room and sitting-room of a country house is made of blue denim embroidered in golden-rod and black-eyed Susans. A cover for the sitting-room lounge is made to match, and over white India matting is a rug of denim with a narrow border of Susans. This material is very durable, and is, besides, really handsome, and takes decoration admirably.

Flower-Gardens. (Two Girls.)—There is nothing better than a rock-pile, with soil scattered over it, for a flower or vine bed. A large stump dug out by the roots and placed roots upward on a lawn makes a very attractive place for climbing vines. A few large stones placed at intervals around it or a wall or border made of stones will add to its beauty. With a little care, stumps, stones and other unsightly obstructions may be turned into objects of beauty and attractiveness.

Swedish Movements. (Invalid.)—The Swedish-movement cure is not by any means a new method of treating disease. The theory of it seems to be, in part at least, the equivalent of exercise, without the exertion which often wearies the patient and does more harm than good. Massage is a similar theory and practice, and, while highly commended by some physicians, is not approved by others.

Sending Bouquets. (Anxious.)—A gentleman may send a bouquet to the lady he is to escort to the theatre or reception, but it is not thought necessary for him to do so. While to send a bouquet is a very pretty compliment if he is able, he should not be expected to do so as a matter of course.

Young Ladies' Clubs. (Steady Reader.)—To ascertain whether there is any "young ladies' pleasure club," or club of a kind that a young girl can attend who is about sixteen or seventeen years of age, in Harlem or Yorkville, consult the pastor of your church.

⁂ Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.

ODD AND CURIOUS.

A new hotel, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, New York, is said to be the loftiest in the world. The depth of the excavation for the foundation ranges from twenty-two feet to forty feet. This has been necessary so as to have a rock basis, the rock being blasted so as to render it even. The new hotel has seventeen stories, and is two hundred and twenty-five feet high. The site in one hundred feet on Fifth Avenue by one hundred and fifty-five feet deep on Fifty-ninth Street. The building cost about one million dollars, and took two years to construct.

Stockings made from human hair are worn by Chinese fishermen as the best preventive of wet feet. They are drawn over ordinary cotton stockings, being too rough for putting near the skin.

The average length of life is greater in Norway than in any other country on the globe. This is attributed to the fact that the temperature is cool and uniform throughout the year.

A fence, 500 miles long, of wire netting, separating the colonies of New South Wales and Queensland, is one of the wonders of Australia. It is designed to keep the rabbits out.

Dean Swift proposed to tax female loveliness and to have each lady rate her own charms, saying: "The tax would be cheerfully paid and would prove very productive."

A farm in Pithole, Pa., which was bought some years ago, during the oil excitement, by Chicago speculators for $1,500,000, was sold recently at a tax sale for $100.

The microscopists says that a mosquito has twenty-two "teeth" in the end of its bill—eleven above and the same number below.

The drive well, one of the simplest of inventions, has yielded its inventor $2,000,000 in royalties.

Berlin's 1,315,600 people have only 26,000 dwellings, fifty persons living in each house.

The rent of land in England three hundred years ago was about a shilling an acre.

Twenty million acres of the land of the United States are held by Englishmen.

Tomatoes were not cultivated one hundred years ago.

A. Blizzard is an ice dealer in Brooklyn.

Science

Patriotism In Tenement-District Schools. Jacob A. Riis, in his late article on "The Children of the Poor," tells of a new method of teaching patriotism adopted in some of the tenement-district schools of New York city. Naturally, the teaching of these children must, he writes, be begun by going backward. This process may be observed in the industrial schools, of which there are twenty-one scattered through the poor tenement districts, with a total enrollment of something over five thousand pupils. A count made last October showed that considerably more than one-third were born in twelve foreign countries where English was not spoken, and that over ten per cent. knew no word of our language. The vast majority of the rest were children of foreign parents, mostly German and Irish, born here. According to the location of the school it is distinctively Italian, Bohemian, Hebrew or mixed, the German, Irish and colored children coming in under this head and mingling without the least friction. Whatever its stamp of nationality, the curriculum is much the same. The start, as often as is necessary, is made with an object lesson—soap and water being the elements, and the child the object. The alphabet comes second on the list. Later on follow lessons in sewing, cooking, carpentry for the boys, and like practical "branches," of which the home affords the child no demonstration. The prizes for good behavior are shoes and clothing, the special inducement a free lunch in the dinner hour. Very lately a unique exercise has been added to the course in such schools that lays hold of the very marrow of the problem with which they deal. It is called "saluting the flag," and originated with Col. George T. Balch, of the board of education, who conceived the idea of instilling patriotism into the future citizens of the Republic in doses to suit the childish minds. To talk about the Union, of which the most of them had but the vaguest notion, or of the duty of the citizen, of which they had no notion at all, was nonsense. In the flag it was all found embodied in a central idea which they could grasp. In the morning, the Star-spangled Banner was brought into the school, and the children were taught to salute it with patriotic words. Then the best scholar of the day before was called out of the ranks, and it was given to him or her to keep for the day. The thing took at once and was a tremendous success.

Tobacco Smoke as a Disinfectant. Interesting experiments have been made, lately, with tobacco smoke to ascertain its value as a disinfectant. Germs of cholera, anthrax and pneumonia were placed inside of a hollow ball, and tobacco smoke was passed through a hollow passage-way for thirty minutes. At the expiration of that time, it was found that the germs of the dreaded true Asiatic cholera and of pneumonia were completely destroyed. This was true of all the different kinds and grades of tobacco used. The germs of anthrax and those of typhoid, however, were scarcely affected by the smoke. As the result of this experiment, important results in checking the cholera now spreading in Russia are anticipated. By burning great quantities of tobacco in infected districts, it is hoped to control, if not entirely destroy, the germs of the disease. Pneumonia will likewise find a great preventive in the smoke of tobacco.

Why Mountain Air is a Tonic. It is the atmospheric depression which, in conjunction with good hygienic conditions, acts on invalids who go to mountain resorts, and promotes in their blood the formation of new sanguineous globules fit for the assimilation of oxygen. The more abundant nutrition and the augmentation of the appetite observable in a sojourn in the mountains are not the cause but a consequence of the improvement which such sojourn brings. Indeed, even admitting that the action of elevated sites on the blood may owe something to other causes, it is difficult to resist the induction that climatic establishments are in general to be preferred to mineral-water resorts—certainly, to those whose reputation is chiefly built on fashion, on entertainments or on the *ensemble* of adventitious attractions, from which health pure and simple has little to gain.

Public Flag Ceremonies. The following days will be celebrated by a public flag ceremony in the public schools of Minneapolis this fall: September 19, death of Garfield (half-mast); October 12, discovery of America by Columbus; October 19, surrender of Cornwallis; November 19, establishment of the first public school in Minneapolis, 1849 (approximate); November 24, Thanksgiving Day; December 17, birthday of Whittier; December 22, landing of the Pilgrims.

State Superintendent Kiehle, of Minnesota, in his recent report on the Minnesota high schools, compares the number of schools and attendance of 1892 with that of 1886. He states that there are now 19 first-class high schools in the State and none in 1886. There are now 30 second-class and 20 third-class high schools as against 18 second-class and 40 third-class in 1886, making a total of 69 high schools now as against 59 in 1886. The whole number of pupils now enrolled is 4,202. In 1886 the total enrollment was 1,031.

The orange was originally a pear-shaped fruit about the size of a common wild cherry. Its evolution is due to 1,200 years of cultivation.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

All questions which may be asked on the subjects treated in this Department will be answered in the Correspondence column.

Look Out for the Plants. To the lover of flowers there is something infinitely sad in the thought that, after a few weeks, all of the beautiful blooms will fade, and the plants themselves will stand bare of leaves and stripped of beauty by the chilling frosts of winter.

The general impression seems to prevail that anything in the green-house line is wonderfully cumbersome, costly and difficult to manage; therefore, the plants are allowed to go to waste in the fall, and in the spring new ones must be bought. That this is unnecessary and a waste of the good gifts of nature, those who have experimented in these matters need not be told.

A small green-house or conservatory, with space enough to hold all of the plants that an ordinary family would find it necessary to keep over winter, is a very easily managed affair. To take up and care for a number of favorite plants, to root from them cuttings sufficient for the next season's supply, and to do this year after year, is a source of unmixed pleasure, to say nothing of the profit. There is a great satisfaction in feeling that the beautiful geranium, or other plant that is the pride of the garden, has been brought on from generation to generation until it has almost become a fixture in the family. It becomes localized, and one develops for it a sort of fraternal feeling never experienced in the contemplation of the plant fresh from the green-house and florist.

In old times, the camellia, the Jerusalem cherry-tree and the oleander were family friends; in many cases, sufficiently important to be, like the single hair of Cæsar, mentioned in the will.

It is quite worth while for lovers of flowers to make some little provision for their safe-keeping over winter. It seems cruel to let them perish when such a trifling expenditure of time and money would amply provide for them.

There is almost always a corner or a window with a southern exposure where one could readily dig a pit eight or ten feet square, lay a wall with one course of brick and put up a light frame-work, taking in one of the house windows. If this arrangement can be made to include also a cellar window, it is much better. In all properly constructed houses, it is possible to remove a sufficient amount of stone from the cellar window down the wall to the cellar floor, to allow space for a narrow door. This makes a little conservatory easily accessible without exposure to outside air, and the warmth of the cellar will, in almost all cases, insure it against danger of freezing. A roof with shingles and several thicknesses of tar-paper will be most desirable, as, if the sides are of glass, the roof made of glass also would be quite too cold unless artificial heat were provided.

A casing of the size of an ordinary window on three sides will give abundance of light. Inside of these windows shelves of various widths can be put up, and on these the more hardy plants can be placed. The more delicate ones will do better if set either against the house or down on the floor. They can be changed from time to time to give them sufficient light. Such an arrangement as this will not only keep all of the plants required, but will, in the spring, furnish the most admirable facilities for starting early vegetables. The tomato, cabbage, cauliflower and lettuce plants and the like will grow strong and thrifty in such a place, and by the time the ground is fit for their reception, they will be well advanced and furnish abundant return for the trifling care bestowed.

In the absence of the cellar portion, some care is necessary to prevent freezing. A window may be cut to the floor, or a door opened through, or the conservatory may be built over a door. In some way artificial heat must be furnished if the walls are to be entirely above ground.

Unnecessary Fuss. "There is nothing in this world quite as tiresome as fuss," remarked a woman who had been eminently successful in her undertakings and had in her own career fully demonstrated the ability of a woman to do whatever she saw fit to take up, and do it well. "I am so sick of this everlasting twaddle about a 'successful woman.' I can't, for the life of me, see why there should be anything phenomenal in the fact of a woman carrying to a successful completion any ordinary branch of business. All their lives, women have been in the habit of grappling with the most complicated situations, turning the shortest corners, putting up with all sorts of inconveniences and producing order out of confusion that would have made a man tear his hair in sheer despair; but just now, because she happens to have taken up something that women haven't been in the habit of doing, and because she seems to have done well at it, the papers and the pulpit and the public generally are oh-ing and ah-ing in a manner that is absolutely wearisome to the flesh.

"Why can't these gushers and croakers and predictors of all sorts of calamities just keep quiet, and when a woman does something that no woman has ever done before, take it for granted that she can do not only that but almost anything else she sets about. It certainly seems to me to go without saying that a woman who can manage a large household ought to be able to do almost anything else which presents itself, and that, too, without exploitation and being forever talked about on account of it.

"All of this talk merely has a tendency to embarrass and disturb steady work. Labor is labor, and all of the talk and nonsense about it doesn't make it anything else. The only idea of some of these people seems to be as though no woman had ever done anything difficult or perplexing in her life, and just because she has gone to work and accomplished something, they are taken off their pins entirely. This is anything but the right spirit in which to look at a woman's work. There is no such fuss made because a man has succeeded in farming or poultry-raising or stock-breeding or floral culture; but because a woman has done these things, there is no end to the wearisome chatter which is everywhere thrust in our faces. To give the women a chance, and the very best possible chance, is to take it for granted that they really can do something and do it well, and let their works and not the public praise them."

Too Much Ice. "I wish," said an experienced physician, "that I could impress on my patients and the public generally the fact that iced food and beverages are slaying their thousands and tens of thousands in the large cities of this country every year. There are few things in which the majority of people indulge that are so deadly in their effects. Of course, things taste well, and no injurious results are observed immediately, but all the same the deadly cold is doing its work by sapping the vitality and entirely undermining the whole system. The powers of the human family are limited; and, as a natural consequence, when there is a continual draft on the vitality, there must come a time when it shows signs of failure.

"Many of our recipes give directions for covering this, that and the other vegetable with chopped ice, pounded ice or shaved ice—anything to lower the temperature; or the food is prepared for the table and placed in the ice-box or on the block of ice until it is thoroughly chilled; and then probably coming in from the intense heat of a summer-day, people sit down to the table and partake freely of these things, often eating immoderately, because it is so cool and refreshing, as they say; then deluging the stomach with glass after glass of ice-water or iced tea, they arise from the table with a long breath of satisfaction, and declare that they feel so much better.

"Well, probably they do for the moment, and they never seem able to comprehend that when some hours after they feel overtaxed and have a headache and nausea and blind spells, that they are paying the legitimate penalty for their over-indulgence in such abominations.

"I venture the assertion, and I am sure my brethren in the profession would sustain me, that half of the diseases incident to the summer season are produced or aggravated by eating cold food. And it seems so hopeless to try to impress this on the minds of the people generally, that I have almost given up in despair and have concluded that, unless the sufferers are persons over whom I have authority, it is a waste of time to express an opinion."

One Use for the Kindergarten. "I suppose it would be considered a melancholy and shocking statement to the women of this country," said the teacher of a primary school, "if I were to say that nine-tenths of the mothers send their little children to school and kindergarten quite as much to get them out of the way as with any ideas of an educational nature. From morning till night, there are the little questions and the little fingers and the little pattering feet always around; the little tongue is never still, and a watchful eye is necessary that the little steps do not stray into forbidden localities. There is a limit to the endurance of even mother-patience, and, really, sometimes I don't blame them for wanting to get a moment's rest from their cares.

"The one thing that bothers me is why mothers cannot understand or will not, which is quite as much to the purpose, that they could have rules and regulations and a certain amount of regularity just as well as a school-teacher. The most intelligent and interesting family I ever knew was brought up with the idea that certain hours in the day were devoted to silence. The training of the little ones was begun by having them sit quietly for five minutes in a comfortable chair. After awhile the length of the time was increased, until, after they were five years old, they were required to sit quietly in a chair and amuse themselves in silence for at least an hour every forenoon. Some of those children came under my charge, and such charming, obedient, amiable and agreeable pupils I never had in my life. You see, thay had grown into habits of order and propriety, and they did not know any other way of doing. At the tap of the bell, they simply subsided into respectful attitudes, and at a given signal, without ado or reproof or even suggestion, took up their books and began to study. They learned more quickly, understood things more readily and expressed them better, I think, than any pupils I had in school.

"In striking contrast with these children were those of a family in the same vicinity. These youngsters were simply wild colts. It was quite as probable that one would find them with their feet on the desks and their heads in the chairs, or curled up like kittens on the floor, or kicking and sprawling about like young turtles. If there was any one particular place where one need not expect to find them, it was perfectly safe to look there for them, and equally certain to count on their doing the most absurd and outrageous things.

"At least half of the trials of the teacher of a primary school or kindergarten comes from the necessity of unteaching the things which the children have learned at home. They have been so systematically taught, whether with or without intent matters not, that they can get most things when they cry for them, that persistence and screaming and general fiendishness will accomplish their purpose, that their natural inclination is to pursue the same course in school.

"There seems to be something radically wrong in the earliest training of children. That the baby of six months can be taught obedience and habits of regularity goes without saying, but to this the fond parent is usually oblivious. If the consequences stopped with her own care and inconvenience, worry and vexation, there are very few people who would take the trouble to protest; but this lack of discipline means untold misery and discomfort to scores of persons, if not entire neighborhoods and communities, and is, therefore, one of the most deplorable features of home-government.

"It would be well if careless mothers would express themselves more truly, or, at least, with more frankness, and call the kindergarten to which they send their little ones a day-nursery instead of a school."

Household Economies. "Of course, I do not suppose," said a veteran housekeeper, "that any one imagines that wastefulness and extravagance are always the result of carelessness, for it is not this by any means. A great deal of unnecessary cost of living comes from inexperience, bad education and unsystematic methods. There is another form of wastefulness, however, which it is almost impossible to guard against, and that is the capricious appetites of people. I know of a number of instances where the household consists of two or three grown persons. They have not robust health, and their catering is a perpetual strain on the inventive faculties of the genius of the kitchen. One of these women said to me, not long since, that her market bills were quite enough to supply a family of four or five persons. 'It is amazing,' she said, 'what an amount of food we bring into the house, and, as a matter of necessity, I think at least half of it is wasted; and the worst of it is I don't see any way to help it. We are all of us very capricious feeders; we get ideas in our heads that we want a certain thing and want it very badly. Of course we get it, take two or three tastes out of it, and that's the end of it. It's impossible to buy good meats in very small quantities, and as a consequence we must either eat inferior qualities, which we are of course unwilling to do, or waste about half of the purchase. In a really first-class steak there is sometimes more than half which is not available, and this must be thrown away. Our bread is about the same way, and, really, it's a problem to know just what to do.'

"An economical friend of mine buys half a dozen pounds of good meat, roasts it down in a pot, cuts it into pieces of suitable size and cans it just as we do fruit and vegetables. Her family seems to relish it; but we have tried it, and the plan is a failure. I try my best to take care of the odds and ends, but it is frequently the case that after I have fixed up all sorts of little made-dishes nobody will touch them. The original package seems to be the only available thing at our house, and I think there are a great many families who are similarly situated.

"I have of late learned a little economy in the bread line that I think may be of service to us, but even of that I am not sure. When there is a surplus of bread, I cut it in slices, put it in the oven and slightly brown it, then crush it with a rolling-pin and grind it through the coffee-mill. The powder is put in cans, with the covers screwed down tightly, to keep the dampness out. This we use in various ways, and it is quite as good for many things as cracker crumbs, and a cupful of it, with milk, eggs, a bit of butter, sugar and nutmeg, makes a very comfortable pudding, which may be eaten with jelly and meringue frosting. It makes admirable griddle cakes, and is very useful as all or part of stuffing for poultry or meats.

"But these little economies go but a little way toward helping out the grand total. I wish some housekeeper who has had experience in this line could give directions for catering for people with capricious appetites, and could instruct anxious ones in the art of buying judiciously for such families."

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FASHION CORNER.

In none of the minor items of dress has fashion wrought more marked changes than in gloves.

Years ago, the average woman wore gloves which it was a work of grace and often the task of an expert to put on to her hands. Now all this is changed; and, instead of a semi-deformed, pinched-up hand, which sometimes more nearly resembled the foot of a chicken than the hand of a human being, we have symmetrical, easy, comfortably fitting gloves, which add much to the charm of a beautiful hand, and, when well chosen, conceal the defects of one which lacks the minor points of attractiveness.

Very tight-fitting gloves are so entirely out of fashion that to wear them proves one ignorant of current styles. There is an increasing demand for gloves of heavier kid than those which have been for some seasons popular.

There are firm, fine kid-gloves which are much liked by English women, but have thus far found comparatively little favor in this country. Tourists who have become familiar with them are calling for them and as a matter of course they must be kept by the leading dealers.

These gloves will outwear two or three pairs of the ordinary grades of gloves. Possibly this is one reason why merchants do not take more pains to keep them in stock. In many places they are not to be had at all; in others it is only occasionally that one can find them.

There is much complaint of the quality of gloves ordinarily found in the stores. Not one pair in three will bear the second wearing without breaking out somewhere. The threads with which they are sewed wear off, and those who wear over-seamed gloves will find them split on the ends of the fingers in a very short time. This is one of the advantages of the stitched-through seams. The edge of the kid protects the stitching which wears very much longer on this account; besides, the stitched-through seams are done with a much better thread.

There is quite as much of a revolution in the color of gloves as in the size. Half a dozen years ago, a woman wearing white gloves and a gray walking-dress created a profound sensation during the entire length of her walk down the fashionable portion of Broadway. People stared and wondered; some laughed, others shrugged their shoulders and declared that she must be out of her mind. To-day, one might meet twenty white-gloved women in the space of a single block. And so fashion changes.

Gray gloves are going out of fashion, as are also gray materials of almost all sorts. Brown seems to be in the ascendant, and brown tan, many of the shades quite dark, will be among the most desirable colors.

White, ivory and putty-colored gloves are much liked; also a shade which appears to be made up of gray, white and yellow, making a dingy, creamy tint.

White-chamois gloves are sold in enormous quantities. While they are liked by a great many persons, there is nothing in the glove line which is as durable and every way satisfactory as a fine grade of finished kid. Such gloves may be cleaned with perfect success. Cheap grades of finished kid are less desirable than undressed kid. According to the best authorities, the coming glove is the Biarritz glove, which is cut with a whole wrist. In good grades of goods, these are the most convenient and durable of all styles. Many ladies use them for driving-gloves, but they are scarcely as desirable for this purpose as the snug buttoned gloves, as the constant pulling of the reins will sometimes draw the gloves almost entirely down from the wrists. With the almost universal use of white duck and piqué dresses, white gloves have become a necessity. It is very easy to clean them, and they may be made almost as nice as new by the use of naphtha. This should be handled with the utmost rapidity, as leather saturated with this preparation for any length of time loses its elasticity, becomes tender and almost worthless after a time. Merely washed, rinsed and dried in the air, it is, however, entirely harmless.

Much can be done to add to the durability of gloves by rubbing the inside with some soft, fine oil. Almond oil is probably the best for this purpose. The leather absorbs it and becomes soft, pliable and elastic.

With the coming of elbow sleeves, very long-wristed gloves are again in fashion; eight- or ten-button gloves will be the rule with the new style of sleeves.

Russia-leather gloves are popular with many persons. The odor of them is liked among the other belongings, and even those who do not care for wearing the leather, sometimes keep a pair of them in the glove-box on this account. The same object will, however, be obtained by saturating a bit of leather with hemlock oil, which is the basis of the Russia tan.

Fancy Waists. Ingenuity seems to be taxed to the utmost in the designing of waists. A novelty shows a blouse-shaped waist with openings at either side from collar to hem. These openings are laced with heavy cord, which is tied in loops and ends at the lower portion of the blouse. A corselet of brocade or embroidered material is fastened with straps and buckles. A waist which has the merit of novelty is made of bias sections in graduated widths from the back of the collar to the waist-line and extends up the front again to the collar. A finish of this sort is made in black velvet. There is a round, high collar, the bias bands running from the middle of the collar down either side under the arms to the waist-line. In one design there is a skeleton-jacket front connecting again with the collar. In another model, these side-pieces meet in a sort of drapery over the front of the skirt. This velvet affair, which is usually of black, is worn over a silk or wool material of very light color. There are velvet shoulder-puffs and sash to match.

Fashion Notes. A novel idea, and one which has its uses, is to hang a chime of small bells on the door. A lady, who is somewhat timid and is much alone, has chimes of different tones on most of the doors in her house. They are so arranged that the slightest movement of the door sets them ringing. With this arrangement, it would be impossible for any intruder to enter unawares.

Hammocks for porches and sheltered places are made of bright-colored twine. Some of the prettiest of these have deep netted fringe, with tassels hanging almost to the ground. There is great variety in the shape and color of the hammock, and much taste may be displayed in trimming it up.

One of the fads of the day is the sofa-cushion. These are made in every imaginable shape, some of the quaintest being in the conventionalized heart-shape, which is so familiar. These are elaborately embroidered with colored silk, and have satin or silk puffs around the edges.

A fancy of the moment is for dessert and other plates no two of which are alike. An artist in china painting has selected two dozen plates of as widely different patterns as possible. Each one has a distinct design, the only decoration in common being a wide rim in mat-gold.

Some of the new shades for piano lamps resemble umbrellas. They are made on frames of various sorts, one of the newest being in a sort of boat-shape, with frames at the sides somewhat like awning-frames.

A popular style of portelle is made of French crétonne and lined with plain sateen. This is used for the doors of morning-rooms and chambers where chintz and crétonne are used as furniture-coverings.

NEVA'S THREE LOVERS.

Continued from page 10.

when she could command her voice. “I may live weeks, or it may be months; but the time is short. I like you, Lally, and I am going to adopt you and make you my heiress. You shall change your name to mine and be known as Lalla Wroat, and at my death you shall inherit my fifty thousand pounds. And all I ask of you, Lally, is to love me a little and try to be a daughter to me I never had a daughter of my own.”

Lally raised the old lady's hand reverently to her lips.

“I am afraid all this happiness is not for me, madam,” she said bravely. “I am not what you think me, and you may not deem me fit to inherit your wealth. I—I have been married!”

“Peters, the girl's head is turned!”

“No, madam, I speak the truth. I am pure in the sight of God, but I am a disowned wife.”

“A wife—at seventeen?”

“Yes, madam. After I lost my situation as music-teacher, I was married to a young gentleman, just from Oxford, where he had been educated. He was only twenty years old, and we were married by license. He worked to support us, having talent as an artist, and we struggled along together until his father discovered our marriage and separated us, declaring the marriage null and void, his son being under twenty-one years of age. We were married in good faith; we loved each other; and Rufus was good, although he made oath that he was of age in order to secure the marriage license. His father threatened to prosecute him for perjury if he did not give me up; and he gave me up.”

“And who is this precious youth?” asked Mrs. Wroat.

Lally replied by telling her story precisely as it had occurred, excusing the conduct of her young husband as well as she could and displaying in every look and word how passionately she still loved him.

“So the young man is poor, but of good birth and connections and university-bred?” commented Mrs. Wroat. “Well, Lally, my opinion is that your husband is not free from you, but that he will have to have recourse to law to secure his freedom. We'll consult my London lawyer when we get up to town, and we'll see about the young man. I'm afraid he's a poor stick; but we'll see—we'll see. I haven't changed my mind about adopting you, and I shall immediately assume a guardianship over you. You will quit Mrs. Blight's service to-morrow. Peters, how soon can we go back to town?”

“At the end of the week, ma'am, if you like,” responded Peters, brightening.

“So be it, then. Pack your trunk, Lally. You will finish your stay in this house as my adopted daughter and future heiress, and to-morrow you and Peters shall go out shopping—”

Mrs. Wroat paused, as a knock was heard at the door.

“Open the door, Peters,” commanded the old lady. “It's Laura Blight.”

Before Peters could obey, the door opened from without, and Mrs. Blight, her chains tinkling and her red-silk gown rustling, came into the room as airily as the rotund proportions of her figure would permit.

Her glances fell upon Lally, who was still sitting at the feet of her great-aunt, and Mrs. Blight's face showed her surprise and displeasure.

“I didn't hear the piano, dear Aunt Wroat!” she exclaimed, “and I feared my governess might not have obeyed my order and come in to you. Miss Bird, I fear you forget your place. You are not a guest in this house—you are merely a hired servant. If you try, like a treacherous viper, to creep into the good graces of my poor unsuspecting relative, I shall dismiss you in the morning. You are to play upon the piano and then go to your room.”

The old lady's yellow and bony hand was stretched out and laid caressingly on Lally's black hair.

“I was talking to the child, Laura,” she said. “I have been hearing her history. Don't you remember that I've been trying for years to find my niece, Clara Bird, or her children. Well, this girl is Clara's child—”

A look of fear and anger disfigured Mrs. Blight's face. The girl became, upon the instant, a terror to her.

“Aunt Wroat,” said the lawyer's wife hastily, “this girl is a mere impostor that I took in out of charity. She has deceived you. Miss Bird, go to your room at once. To-morrow morning you leave my house.”

“Peters,” said Mrs. Wroat quietly, “give me my purse.”

Peters brought a plethoric pocket-book from her mistress's travelling-bag, and the old lady took out a five-pound Bank-of-England note.

“Give that to Mrs. Blight, Peters,” continued the old lady, calmly. “Mrs. Blight, that is the amount you advanced to my grand-niece when she entered your service. I do not wish her to be indebted to you. And here are twenty pounds to reimburse you for any expense I may have put you to. I am sorry, Laura, to disappoint you,” added Mrs. Wroat, putting her wallet in her pocket, “but you and your husband need the lesson. I am not so deaf but that I heard every whisper you and your husband exchanged in the drawing-room to-night. I am aware that you consider me ‘an old cat’ and ‘an old nuisance’ and that you would send me to an almshouse if it were not for my money. I have now only to say to you that your heartlessness has met with its appropriate reward. This young lady is my adopted daughter and future heiress, and when you order a cab for her in the morning, you may let the boy come up for my luggage also. I shall go with my adopted daughter.”

CHAPTER XXX.

NEVA AND HER ENEMIES.

Neva Wynde had arrived in London by the morning express-train from Canterbury, in the care of Mr. and Mrs. Craven Black, and from the moment in which she had emerged with them from the railway station all clue to her movements was suddenly and mysteriously lost.

What had become of her? How had she so singularly disappeared?

These questions, which filled the souls of Neva's lover and guardians with such unspeakable terror and anxiety and which they so signally failed in their efforts to solve, we now purpose answering for the benefit of the reader.

On alighting from the crowded morning train, Craven Black hurried his bride, her maid and Neva into a waiting cab, superintended the mounting of the luggage to the stout cab-roof and gave the order to be driven to Gravesend, adding more explicit directions in an undertone. He then entered the vehicle, and the vehicle rolled from the station.

“Where are we going, Mrs. Black?” asked Neva, looking from the cab windows. “I fancied Mr. Black said Gravesend.”

“So he did, my dear,” said Mrs. Craven Black placidly. “Didn't I tell you that we are going to Yorkshire by water? September is such a lovely month, and this is such lovely weather, and it's quite the thing to take a sea trip for a bridal tour, and I prevailed upon Craven to charter—is not that the word?—a beautiful little yacht, which we are to have three months if we want it. We shall have a glorious voyage down the Thames and up the Channel and through the great German Ocean. The very idea stirs all my love of romance. Doesn't it affect you in the same manner?”

“But Wynde Heights is not near the sea,” objected Neva, in surprise.

“It's not two hours distant by rail, and it will be delightful to get up yachting parties by ourselves and go off for a two days' excursion; don't you think so? Don't throw cold water upon my little plans for happiness, I beg of you, my dear Neva!” cried Mrs. Craven Black, imploringly. “There is no reason why we shouldn't be perfectly happy, if you won't interpose objections, Neva.”

Thus adjured, Neva took care to “interpose” no more objections. She had no liking for nor trust in Craven Black, but Mrs. Craven Black had been her father's beloved and honored wife, and Neva still believed in her. That the pair could mean her harm never once occurred to her. Neither did she realize how completely she was in their power. She had left her maid at home, at Mrs. Black's solicitation, the latter declaring that one maid would suffice for both, and that she especially disliked Meggy West, the girl who attended upon Neva. Thus the young heiress of Hawkhurst was absolutely friendless and helpless, in the hands of her enemies.

They had a long drive to Gravesend. On arriving at their destination, they alighted at a pier at which a small boat with two oarsmen was lying. These men were dressed in blue sailor-costume, each having an arrow embroidered on the breast of his jacket. Mr. Black went up to them accosting them familiarly.

“What boat do you belong to?” he demanded.

“To the *Arrow*, sir, lying out yonder,” said one of the men, pointing to a graceful yacht lying in the stream, her sails unfurled and looking ready for flight. “We are waiting for Mr. Craven Black.”

“I am he. It's all right, my men. Octavia, my love, let me assist you into the boat. Miss Wynde, this way.”

The maid was left to scramble in by herself. The luggage was deposited in the boat; Mr. Black took his seat, and the rowers pulled off for the yacht.

The process of transferring passengers and luggage to the deck of the *Arrow* was speedily and safely accomplished. Mrs. Black was ecstatic in her commendations of the arrangements of the little vessel, and occupied the attention of Neva while Mr. Black conversed with the sailors and their captain, and the vessel was gotten under way.

The *Arrow* was by no means a new vessel, but she had been recently painted and fitted with new sails, and presented a very trim appearance. She was of about twenty tons' burden. She had belonged to a member of the Royal Yacht Club, but had been advertised to be sold for a comparatively small sum, her owner having had built for him a vessel of greater size and speed. Craven Black had seen, a week before, the advertisement offering the *Arrow* for sale, and warranting her ready to put to sea at an hour's notice; and a part of the business of Mrs. Artress in town had been to purchase the vessel.

Among his friends of high and low degree, Craven Black possessed one who was thoroughly disreputable, but who had proved useful to him at too many periods of his life to be thrown aside. This person had formerly been a lawyer, but had been stricken from the rolls for illegal or dishonorable practice, and was a needy hanger-on and parasite of Craven Black. This person had been called upon to assist Mrs. Artress in the examination of the yacht and had purchased the boat in his own name, paying therefor a sum of money provided by Mrs. Craven Black out of the jointure acquired by her marriage with Sir Harold Wynde. This ex-lawyer had also engaged three experienced sailors, one of whom had been a mate on an India vessel, and whom he hired as captain of the *Arrow*, and these three men were now in charge of the little yacht.

These sailors, we may as well mention here, had been chosen for other qualifications than good seamanship. The ex-lawyer, in the days when he had been qualified to practice his profession, had been called upon to defend the three against a charge of mutiny preferred against them by their captain. The charge had been proved, they had been convicted and were now fresh from two years' imprisonment. The ex-lawyer had come upon them at a drinking-shop, after their release, and only a few days before, and knowing their reckless character, had engaged them for a cruise of the *Arrow*.

Such was the character of the seamen in charge of the yacht; and in such manner had the yacht itself been acquired by Craven Black.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 36.]

WORDS AND DEEDS OF HEROES.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

The hero true will speak for you
When cowards' lips are sealed with fear;
He pleads your cause when comes the pause
That chills with doubt the eager ear.
He dares defend
The absent friend,
And he will bare
His heart to share
The threat'ning, poised and pointed spear.

How brave his deeds, when fashion pleads
For gorgeous gilt and trappings gay!
He will not wear the feathers fair
For which he has no means to pay.
He dares to meet,
Upon the street,
In garments old,
Men decked with gold,
Who dream not of the debtor's day.

How brave is he who fearlessly
In battle dangers dares to meet,
And share the blows of angry foes
In storms of flame and leaden sleet.
True courage high
Its flag will fly
In front of wrongs
When shouting throngs
Trample the right beneath their feet.

His word a bond, he looks beyond
The courts to keep him just and true;
And we can trace upon his face
The honest courage shining through.
Hail, heroes just,
All men can trust,
Whose words and deeds,
Like scattered seeds,
Spring up like roses wet with dew!

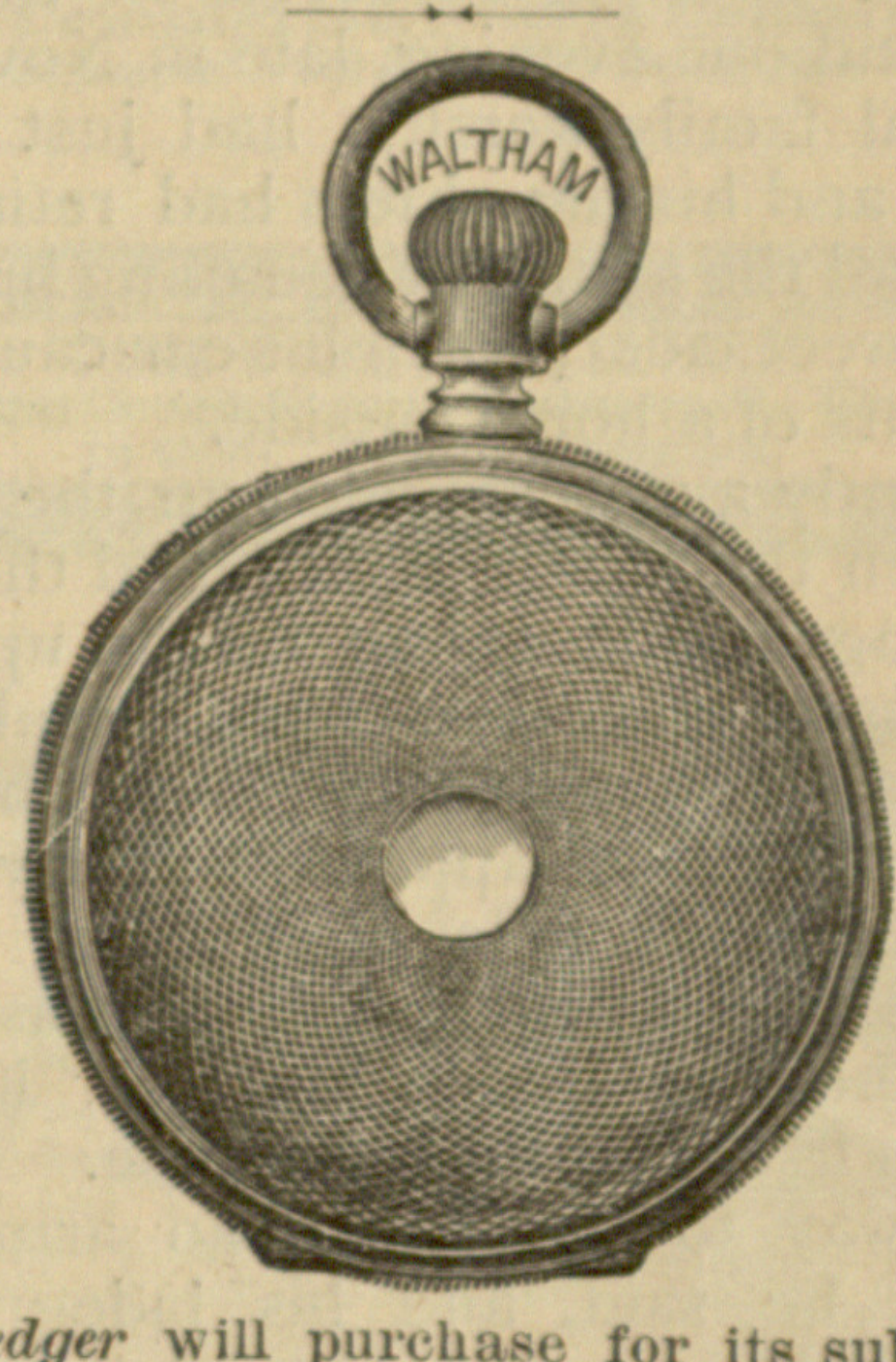
◆

—Colonel Powell, of the United States army, is authority for the statement that among the Cheyennes a man is never permitted to speak to his mother-in-law except through the intermediation of a third person.

A FAMILY OFFER.

Watches for Our Subscribers and Readers at Much Less than the Usual Price.

By reading this article, even those readers who do not want a first-class watch at any price will be interested in learning the phenomenally low prices at which the LEDGER can sell goods.



The *Ledger* will purchase for its subscribers Waltham and Elgin watches at prices much less than they can buy them of any jeweler. Every one knows the excellence of these watches, and that they are the best in the world for anything like the money; but many are compelled to purchase foreign counterfeits simply because they cannot purchase the genuine without paying two or three prices. The *Ledger* has selected watches which represent the best value for the money of any watches yet made. The *Ledger* is the Great Family Paper, and it proposes to furnish watches suitable for every member of the families who read the *Ledger*, whether they are subscribers or buy the *Ledger* from their newsdealer. If you wish to buy any of these watches, and are a reader who buys his *Ledger* from a newsdealer, please send us the name and address of your newsdealer with your order.

WATCHES FOR FATHERS.

No. 1 is a Waltham or Elgin watch, Hunting Case or Open Face, in the works of which are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set and all improvements. The case is made of solid gold, of two qualities, and is a celebrated Brooklyn Granger. The Brooklyn Granger case is made by the Brooklyn Watch-Case Company, and this Company guarantees the outside layer to be 14-k. gold and the inside layer to be 4-k. gold. Sent to any subscriber by insured registered mail for $25.10.

No. 2. Same works in gold-filled case, guaranteed to wear fifteen years, Open Face, $12.00. Hunting Case, $15.50.

No. 3. Same works in solid nickel-silver case, Open Face, $5.50.

WATCHES FOR MOTHERS.

No. 4 is a solid 14-k. gold engraved Hunting Case watch, ladies' size. The works (either Waltham or Elgin) contain eleven jewels, stem-wind and set and all improvements. This watch, like all the rest, is an accurate time-keeper and is offered at one-half the usual price. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for $25.00.

No. 5 is the same as No. 4, but the case is gold filled; guaranteed to wear twenty years. Price, delivered to any subscriber, $17.25.

FOR THE DAUGHTERS.

No. 6 is a Waltham or Elgin seven-jeweled watch, stem-wind and set, solid gold Hunting Case, ladies' size. This is good enough for the daughter of the President. Delivered to *Ledger* subscribers for $18.50.

No. 7 has the same works as No. 6 in a gold-filled Hunting Case, full engraved, guaranteed to wear fifteen years. Delivered to *Ledger* subscribers for $15.40.

WATCHES FOR THE SONS.

No. 8 is a Waltham or Elgin watch like No. 1, in a solid coin-silver, 3-ounce case, Open Face or Hunting. Delivered to any subscriber for $12.00.

No. 9 is the same as No. 3, and for boys is the best watch in the world, being strong, handsome and accurate. Price $5.50.

THE LEDGER MODEL WATCH.

This is a watch suitable for a father or son. We call it “The *Ledger* Model Watch,” because, as patriotic Americans, we are especially proud of this production of American industry. The movement (or works) is made according to the celebrated Waltham Riverside model. The case is a gem of the jeweler's art, being a gold-filled case, with two heavy sheets of 14-k. gold, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for twenty years.

Price to our subscribers, $20.00, and they can have either Open Face or Hunting Case. We feel confident that all who buy this watch will think as highly of it as we do, and be just as proud of it, too.

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

No watches sent C. O. D. No watches offered as premiums. Every watch will be sent in perfect condition. Should any watch be damaged in the mails, the subscriber should return it to this office at once. The *Ledger* guarantees satisfaction in every case, and if the subscriber is convinced that his watch is not as advertised his money will be refunded within reasonable time.

All our watches are the latest product of the great Waltham and Elgin factories. All watches are stem-winders and setters.

These prices do *not* include a subscription. A subscriber may buy as many watches as he likes from us and at our greatly reduced prices. But only the subscribers to the *Ledger* or those who buy the *Ledger* at the news-stands can buy at these prices. If you want a watch, and are not a subscriber, you can become a subscriber by adding to your remittance $2.00 for a year's subscription to the *Ledger*, and then you can purchase any of our watches.

IMPORTANT.

In ordering, be careful to name the number of the offer, the kind of case, and whether Open Face or Hunting. Say whether an Elgin or Waltham is preferred, also please state the price of the watch you want.

Every watch will be sent by registered mail. Each one will be inspected and regulated before mailing, but while only perfect watches ever leave the Elgin and Waltham factories, accidents are possible in the mails. The watch should be carefully wound and run when received, and if not in perfect order should be remailed to the *Ledger* office within a reasonable time.

Address all letters and remittances to
ROBERT BONNER'S SONS,
Ledger Office, New York City.

THE LOYALIST'S STRATAGEM.

BY J. BARNITZ BACON.

Early in the winter of 1779, Washington's army was encamped at Morristown; and about twenty miles west of that place was the residence of Squire John Kitchell, one of the most widely known and unyielding patriots of northern New Jersey. His farm and dwelling bordered on the main road; and one evening, late in November, the usual family worship had just closed, his wife and his daughters had retired upstairs, and the squire was quaffing his nightcap of sweet cider, when his ear caught the hoof-beats of a horse outside.

Presently a step sounded on the stoop; and when the squire unfastened the door, his flaring candle shone fitfully upon the long beard and blue-caped cloak of a stranger. The newcomer, somewhat bent by the weight of apparently sixty years, asked the favor of a night's hay for his horse and, for himself, only permission to rest in the barn beside him; for his purpose was to depart before sunrise. He was on his way to the American army with supplies, he said, and his laden wagon was but half a day's journey behind him. He supported his request by showing a pass which allowed Captain Job Spring, with his team, a safe passage to the army and a return to the Delaware River.

To all this the squire replied that he was welcome to such quarters for himself and horse as he could find in the barn. Taking a lantern, he led the way, adding that in one of the stalls he had, an hour before, given lodging to a young man about to join the patriot ranks, and that his farm-hand, Black Tom, also slept in the hay near by. After seeing the stranger and his roadster fairly accommodated, the squire bade him good night and returned to his homestead.

It was at least an hour after midnight when the repose of the sleeping household was rudely disturbed by the tramp of horses and the voices of a body of men demanding admittance. The alarmed inmates hastily answered the summons.

"Squire Kitchell, you are my prisoner!" cried the leader of the party.

"Who are you, sir, and where is your warrant?"

"We are all true blue, and belong to the Sussex militia, and here is the warrant of the county committee to arrest you for communicating secretly with King George's commander in New York."

"Pooh! Pooh!" lightly exclaimed the squire. "Everybody knows I am a good whig; and when you bring me before General Washington, he'll just laugh at you and tell you to go about better business."

"Well, you won't go before General Washington, and we have no time to waste any words. We'll just search your house and then escort you safely to our county jail at Newton."

"Here's more of 'em, leftenant!" cried a couple of troopers, hastily entering, in charge of Captain Job Spring, together with the young man who had occupied a stall near him, and Black Tom, the farm-hand.

"Strap the nigger fast behind one of the men and see that he don't escape. Squire, you and these other two will go into the parlor and keep quiet there along with your family, while we search upstairs for your treasonable papers. Sergeant, place sentinels around the house and one outside this parlor-door, and see that no one leaves the room."

Then the leader and his men rushed upstairs to begin their search.

The prisoners were left alone in the parlor, and the door was closed; but by his tramp and voice they knew that a sentry was stationed in the hall outside. A candle on the table feebly illumined the room, and the silence was broken only by the sobs of the squire's wife and daughters. At length the old gentleman soothed them and then seized the opportunity to explain the situation to his guest, Captain Spring, and solemnly to protest his entire innocence of the charge alleged against him.

"Squire Kitchell, I believe you with all my heart," replied the captain, "and this will yet prove to be some grand mistake. I have heard of you before as one of our stanchest patriots. But what can you do at present? From what I have learned, there appears to be no charge against me nor against any one but you. They cannot go behind my pass nor detain me."

"Nor detain *me* a moment, if my son at army headquarters could but get word of it. He is one of Washington's most trusted officers," said the squire.

"And his name?"

"Lieutenant Kitchell, of the commissary department."

"What! Lieutenant Kitchell!" cried the captain. "Why, my eldest son was once under his command, and his letters home often mentioned the lieutenant with gratitude. He is on the staff, then?"

"Yes," said the squire. "He is a young man of fine education, and so was put in general charge of the army records as well as those of the commissary—"

"And that," interrupted the sobbing wife, "is no small affair in an army of ten thousand men."

"So many as that!" exclaimed Captain Spring.

"No, no, wife, not quite so many—" began the squire.

"Well, no matter," put in the captain. "Let us look at this matter coolly—and quickly, too. Now, have you paper, pen and ink in this room?"

In an instant, the squire had opened a bureau and placed the required articles on the table.

"Now," said the captain, "sit here, squire, and write only a few lines to your son. Tell him you send them in haste by me, Captain Job Spring, from the Delaware. Say you have been apprehended unjustly by the Sussex militia, and state the charge. Now say they are about to burn the house, and you may add they will probably hang you before they leave. Make it strong enough to bring relief quickly."

"What if these scoundrels should be Moody's men, after all!" suddenly cried the squire.

"Moody, the British spy? A good idea! Put that in, too. So, sign your name. Now I propose to take this letter and gallop off to headquarters as soon as these rascals leave. As for this young man—what is your name?"

"Maxwell—Robert Maxwell," was the reply of the young man.

"Well, I shall tell these fellows you are one of my teamsters. That's the only way to get you clear of them. And, I say, as you are going to join the army, I want you to hasten after me and meet me at the Morristown camp just as quickly as you can."

"Come, Squire Kitchell! To horse!" exclaimed the sentry, suddenly throwing open the parlor-door.

Then, after a sorrowful scene of parting, the troopers rode away with their two captives, the squire and Black Tom.

Very soon afterward the faint dawn was just appearing when Captain Spring mounted his nag in front of the house, and said to young Maxwell:

"Push after me, my lad, as fast as you can. I have saved you, and I want you at Morristown, to state what you have witnessed here this night."

The young man gratefully assented. But as soon as the captain was out of sight, he took good care to leave the road and get into the woods and fields, on a course that would bring him considerably to the northward of Morristown. The truth was, he had been a British prisoner, taken with Burgoyne's army, had escaped from his confinement in Pennsylvania, and was making his way to the British lines at New York. He certainly had no desire to follow in the track of Captain Spring.

It was full ten o'clock that morning when the captain was passed through the lines of the American army and ushered into the commissary's office on Bottle Hill above Morristown. Lieutenant Kitchell was alone in the office, busily writing at a table covered with record-books. First exhibiting his pass, Captain Spring then handed him the squire's letter.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the lieutenant, "this must have instant attention!" and he rushed in an agony out of the office.

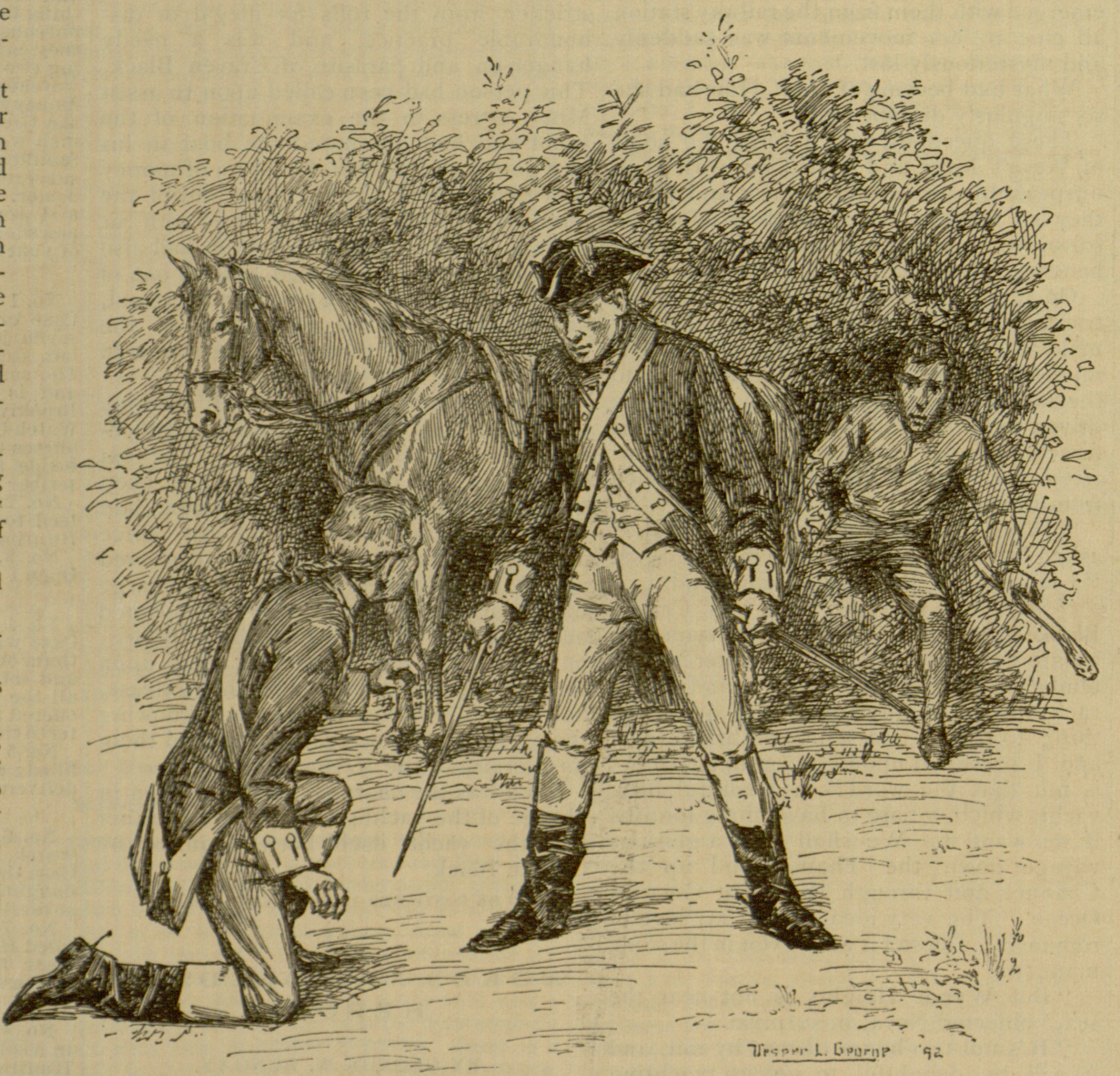
The captain sat still for a few moments. Then he rose and looked curiously over the record-books, made a few notes from them, and ended by putting one of them into the breast-pocket of his coat. A grand review of the army was going on in the plain below on the borders of the village, and, as the lieutenant seemed in no haste to return, the captain mounted his nag and rode down to see the parade. The commander-in-chief and his suite were there, and, like any other old rustic, the captain and his jade rode slowly up and down near the line, apparently enjoying the sight. Presently some one in the crowd seemed to recognize him and hailed him; but to this he gave no attention. He merely turned his horse and, in an absent sort of way, ambled through the streets of the village, westward. After getting beyond the town, his nag began to trot, then to gallop, and it seemed as if the rider had forgotten all about his business, his supplies, his laden wagon and everything, except getting back home to the Delaware as fast as possible.

The deep boom of a cannon sounded from the heights above the town. It was the "Old Sow," an eighteen-pounder, that was fired only in case of a general alarm. The report seemed to act like a spur on the captain's steed. As he reached the summit of a hill he hastily looked back, and, in the distance, beheld a cloud of dust rising on the high-road. A squadron of dragoons was in full gallop, and the captain flew like a flash. They were evidently the pursuers and he the pursued. He was pressing toward the distant defiles of the mountains. Three miles more brought him into a forest road. A single dragoon, outriding the others, dashed up; but the captain's pistol-shot emptied his saddle. The chase grew furious, desperate. Two other troopers fell in succession. His pistols were empty, and his only resource was continued flight. There was still one remaining pursuer—and but one—at his heels, and he came near enough to grasp the fugitive's cloak. Adroitly slipping it loose, and urging his horse to the utmost, once more he dashed ahead. The dragoon followed fast and, coming alongside, aimed a slashing cut, that would have finished the flight had not the captain's horse stumbled and, in his headlong fall, dashed his rider to the ground. He was at the mercy of his foe. The pursuing soldier leaped from his saddle and, advancing with threatening blade, cried:

"At last, Moody, at last!"

Before the fallen man could make a sign of surrender, there was a rustle in the neighboring bushes. A stranger sprang out of them in the rear of the excited trooper. A heavy club was in his hand, and with one blow he laid the unsuspecting soldier low. The next instant Captain Spring—Moody, the British spy—flung himself on the dragoon horse and, with a wave of his hand, dashed westward to the mountains. In his unlooked-for deliverer he recognized young Maxwell.

Moody's object had been gained. He had obtained for Sir Henry Clinton the ration-book and all other information relative to Washington's army, and when he rejoined his loyalist band that night, his first care was to set free Squire Kitchell, who had so unwittingly aided him.



"BEFORE THE FALLEN MAN COULD SURRENDER, THERE WAS A RUSTLE IN THE BUSHES."

Moody's well-known retreat in that region was an inaccessible cavern on the borders of two ponds, known as the Big and Little Muckshaw, and about two miles south of Newton in Sussex County. Between this lurking-place and the city of New York was his line of operation and the region of his many famous exploits.

When Moody escaped, Maxwell, his deliverer, did not succeed in evading the remaining body of dragoons who immediately came up. He was captured, and, being identified by Squire Kitchell, was charged with aiding in the attack and plunder of his house. Eventually he was taken to Newton jail and there confined under sentence of death. Moody, however, had not forgotten his good service. Often absent on distant and perilous expeditions, it was not until the succeeding spring that the loyalist spy learned of the doom impending over his rescuer. Death threatened young Maxwell for an act of which he was innocent and of which Moody himself was the perpetrator. The spy, therefore, determined to attempt his release at any risk.

The midnight rescue is one of the notable historical incidents of Sussex County, and the details can also be found in Moody's "Revolutionary Journal," published by himself in London in 1782.

Taking with him six picked men, the spy entered the village of Newton late at night. It was a perilous enterprise, and stratagem became necessary. The keeper of the jail was hailed, and he appeared at an upper window.

"I have a tory prisoner to deliver to you," said Moody, assuming the character of a continental officer. "You know him well. It is Jaquitte, one of Moody's men."

The jailer was overjoyed at the prospect of having so notorious a loyalist in his custody; but he was cautious. He refused to open the doors.

"Moody and his men are out—so it is said—and my orders are not to unbar the door after sunset. You will have to wait till morning."

The spy then abandoned stratagem, and sternly exclaimed:

"The man who now speaks to you is Moody! I have a strong party here! Instantly open the doors, or I'll pull the jail down and hang you on the nearest tree!"

The jailer vanished from the window and sounded the alarm-bell. The people of the town were aroused by it, and their approaching steps were heard in the darkness. The spy knew that in former years, not long past, the village had been the scene of Indian attack and massacre, and he ordered his men to set up a terrific yell and a succession of war-whoops. The villagers were panic-stricken.

"The savages are upon us!" they cried, as they hurried back to defend their homes.

In the meantime, an entrance had been forced, and Maxwell was found in his cell, peacefully slumbering. The sudden vision of armed men startled him. Instant execution menaced him, as he thought, and he was thrown into an agony of despair. The next moment, the words: "You are free!" raised him to such a frenzy of joy that he could scarcely be hurried away in time to escape the pursuit that followed.

Young Maxwell was afterward recaptured and suffered death. He was the brother of Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Maxwell, who, in 1830, was the last survivor of the British officers who had served in the American Revolution. Moody himself, as he has recorded, went to London, bearing the sad news of his young friend's fate; and the tale we have here told was once as well known on "Maxwellton braes" as the story of Lucknow and Annie Lawrie.

◆

THEIR FATHER'S BUSINESS.

Why do not girls who spend their time sighing for a career learn their father's business? A man died in this city a few years ago leaving a manufacturing business that paid $6,000 a year, but not one of his large family of daughters was able to conduct it, and therefore it passed to strangers, while the family went into comparative poverty. When a real-estate man died in Jersey City, not long ago, his daughter announced her intention of carrying on the business. She had assisted her invalid father in his office, and had become so familiar with the business that she is now conducting it successfully.—*Newark Advertiser.*

◆

BULRUSHES SHAKEN BY THE WIND

Do not vibrate to the passing wind more readily than weak nerves vibrate to the slightest noise or other trivial cause of their disturbance, which would be disregarded by the vigorous. That benignant tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, strengthens them through the medium of restored digestion, and thus remedies their super-sensitiveness. Malaria, kidney and liver complaint and constipation are cured by the Bitters. —*Adv.*

◆

—A doctor went out for a day's hunting and, on coming home, complained that he hadn't killed anything. "That's because you didn't attend to your legitimate business," said his wife.

◆

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN,

Especially infants, is prevalent at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it. —*Adv.*

◆

—Authors: Good prices for stories, sketches, etc. Address for particulars, The Evans Press Bureau, Troy, Ohio. —*Adv.*

◆

—Boys' and girls' bicycle free on easy conditions, without one cent of money. Write us to-day if you want one. Address Western Pearl Co., 334 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. —*Adv.*

◆

JUST OUT.

What!! Why!—The Chautauqua Ladies' Desk, the last but in no ways the least of the many splendid offers made by The Larkin Soap Mfg. Co. (successor to J. D. Larkin & Co.) Last year they had the Chautauqua Piano Lamp, which is still to be had. This progressive, energetic firm are always awake to the interests of their patrons, and to enable every lady in the land to become the possessor of a secure place for their treasured missives, they have made arrangements to supply all with the Chautauqua Ladies' Desk. Their large advertisement in *Ledger* of July 23rd tells you how to secure one. Read it carefully and act. —*Adv.*

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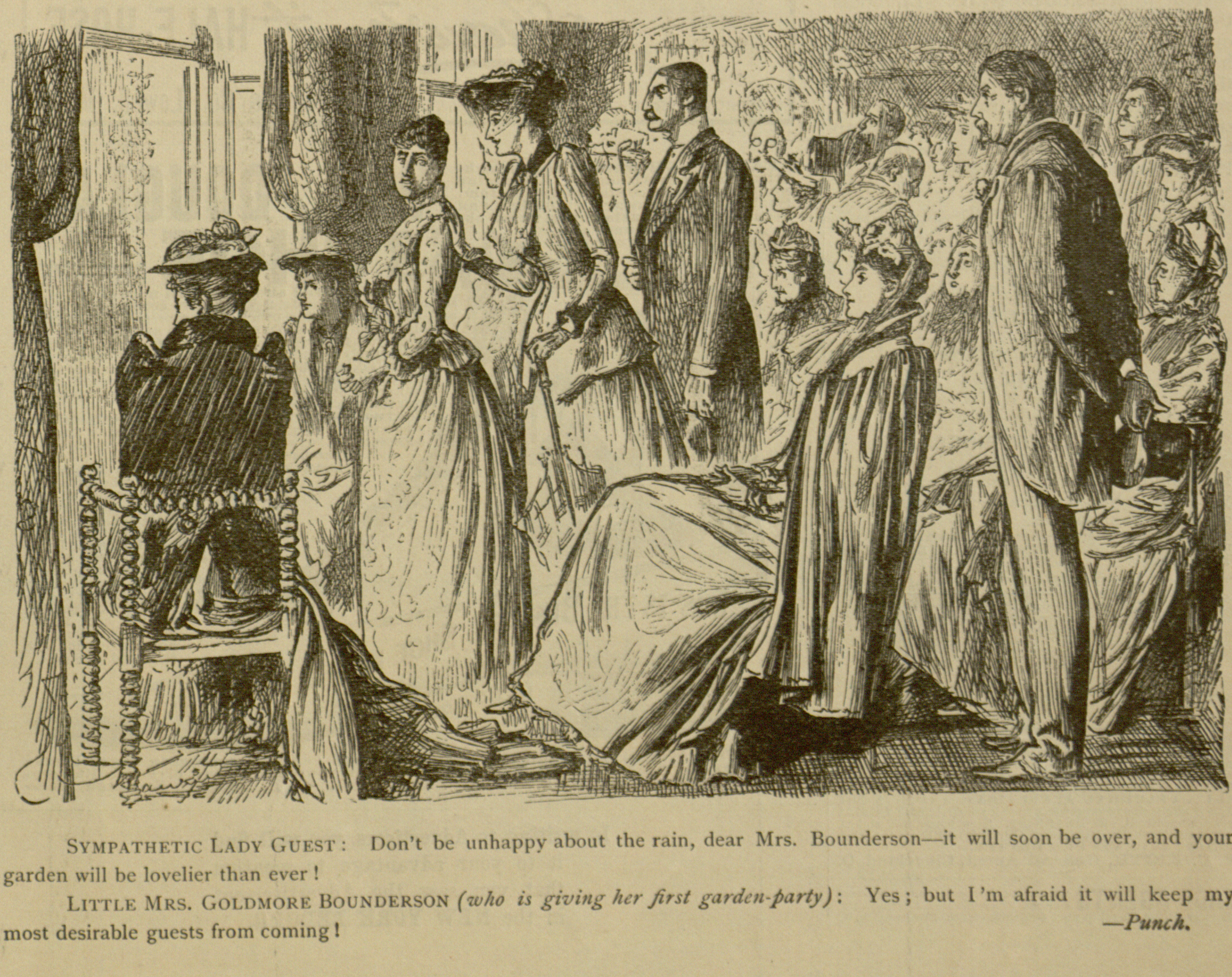

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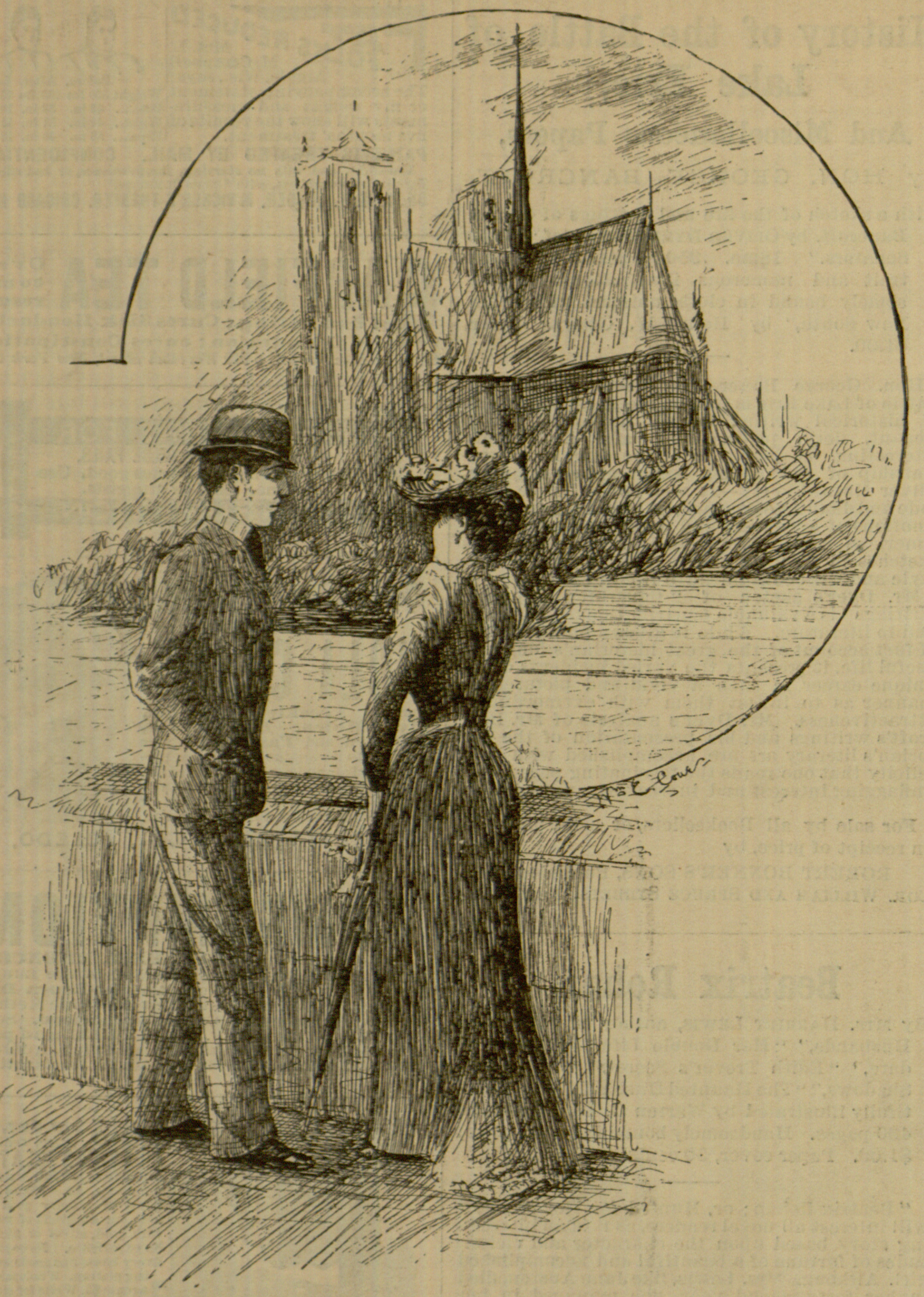

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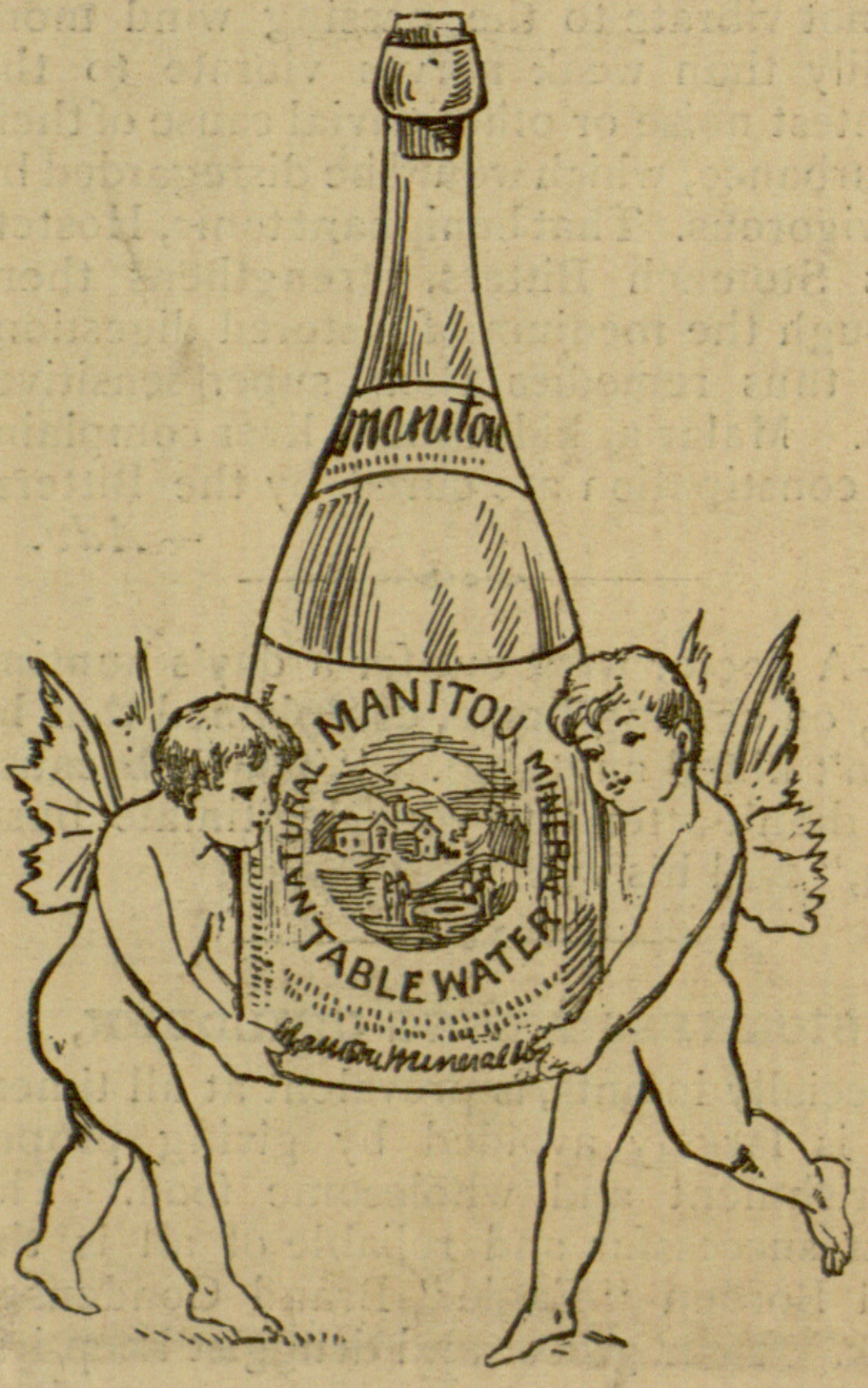

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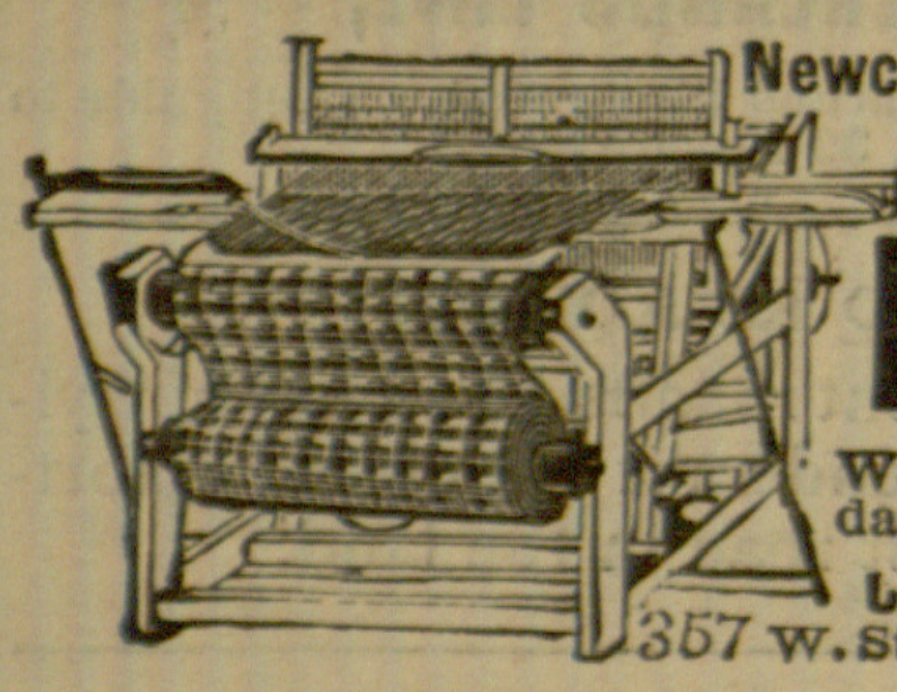

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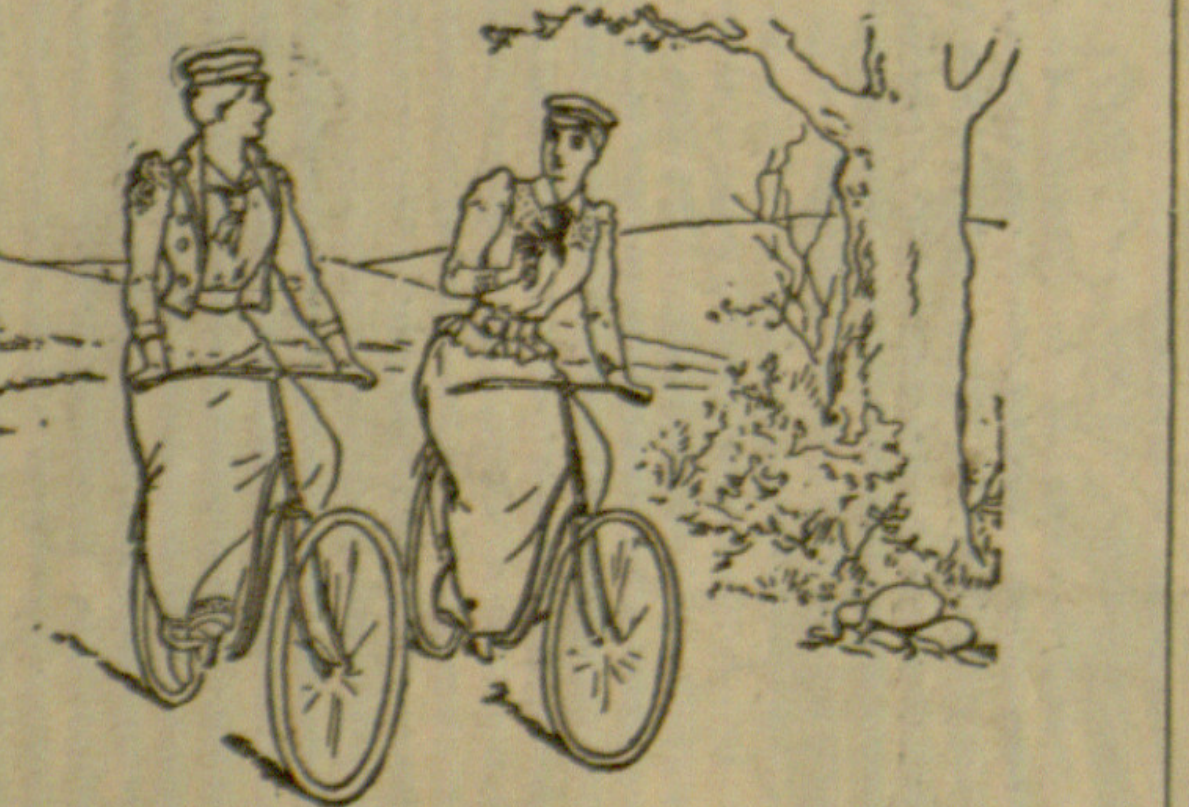

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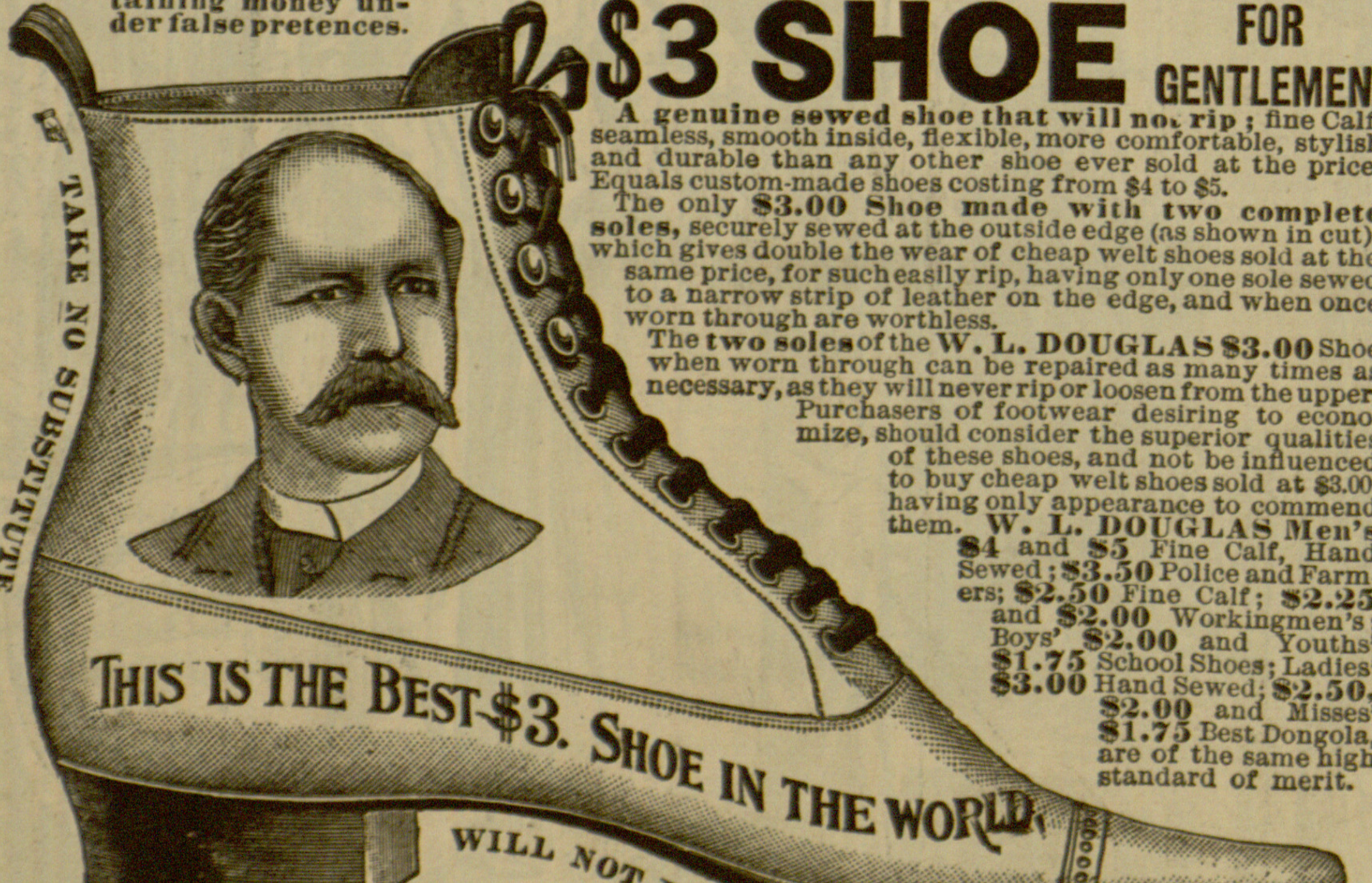
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